Fit a "TripleX" window—it's safer

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 7, 1939
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIX No. 2072 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 7 1939

OLD BRANDY . . .

MARTELL

CORDON BLEU • CORDON ARGENT • EXTRA

35 - 60 - 70 years before bottling

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE *—of course!*

12,000 MILES AWAY

—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCY

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

RONUK SANITARY POLISHES

SUPREME FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

GOLD MEDAL OF 17th INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF MEDICINE
BLUE SEAL CERTIFICATE OF ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH & HYGIENE, AND NINE MEDALS OF ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE

Try CUSENIER'S

435 LIQUEURS (36 Kinds)

NONE BETTER IN THE WORLD OFFER GUESTS THE THREE BELOW:

FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of Crème de Menthe

APRICOT BRANDY • CRÈME DE CACAO

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from
4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1

He'll need a GOOD pen now . . .

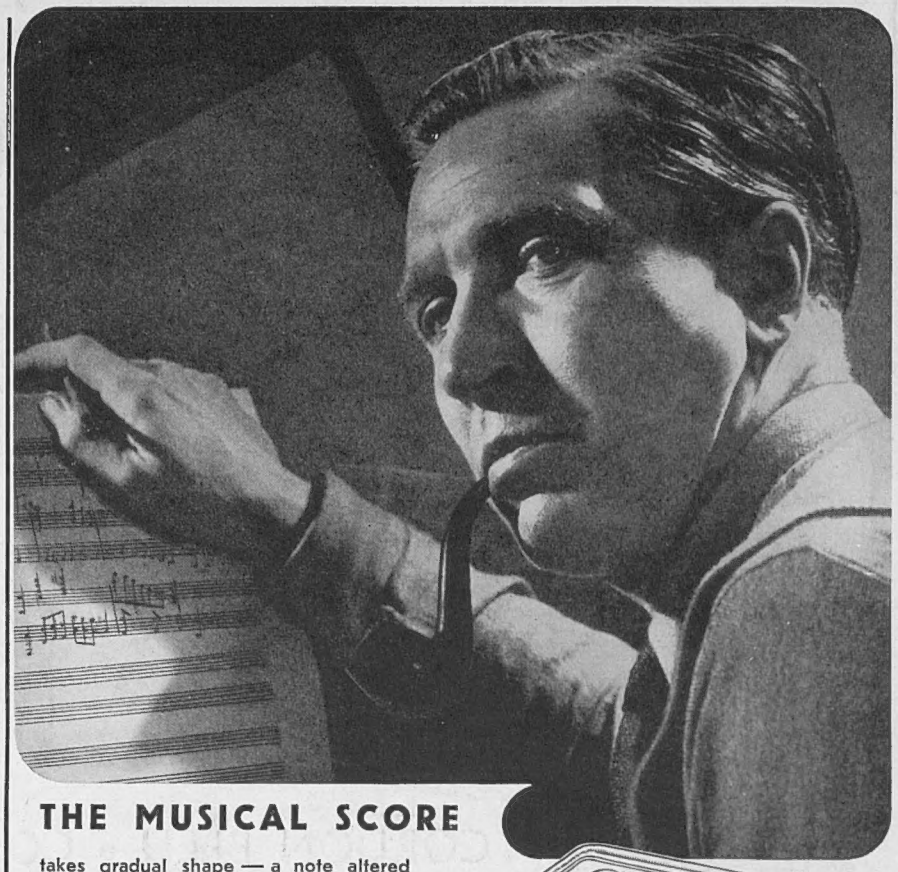
A first-class fountain pen is an absolute essential to anyone on active service (or, for that matter, to those whose duty it is to keep the wheels of commerce turning). And none serves the purpose so efficiently as the Swan.

Put a Swan in his pocket before he goes and he need never feel out of touch with home, for it will speed his news and his thoughts on to paper as quickly and easily as his mind can work.

Leverless ('Quick-fill') Swans 17/6 to 42/-. Visofil ('Big-fill') Swans 25/-. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens 7/6 (Ladies' Size 8/6). Swan Ink in non-leakable travellers' case, 1/9.

SWAN PEN

Of all Stationers and Jewellers. Made throughout in the British Isles by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd. Branches: Swan House, 133/135, Oxford Street, London, W.1; 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester. Head Office temporarily at 26, Donnington Square, Newbury, Berks.



THE MUSICAL SCORE

takes gradual shape — a note altered here, a chord replaced there, until finally the finished composition emerges—impeccable in every detail. And he chooses his tobacco with the same fastidious care. Usually you will find him with a pipe of "NO NAME", that excellent blend, always the choice of the connoisseur.

For those who prefer a coarser cut—
"No Name"
BROAD CUT.
The prices are the same.

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N. 63 B.

CHILPRUFE

REGD.

Best for
NATIONAL SERVICE

Men in whose hands lies vital National responsibility need the unique protection of CHILPRUFE PURE WOOL. In all their arduous and exacting duties CHILPRUFE gives unrivalled health-safety, lasting comfort, and a grand sense of freedom and well-being. Put your defence in the hands of CHILPRUFE PURE WOOL, while stocks are ample.

There are Vests, with short sleeves and button front, several athletic shapes; Pants; several styles in Trunk Drawers; also Combinations and Pyjamas.

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Please ask your Outfitter for the NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

CHILPRUFE LIMITED

Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON *Managing Director:* GEO. E. HUBBARD

LEICESTER

THE CUSTOMER IS KING

It is on that principle that industry is organized: it is that principle which advertising serves. Mass production succeeds by meeting individual human needs: advertising succeeds by giving the customer the widest possible field of choice and ensuring the highest standards of quality. Advertising therefore does not dictate—it persuades. Advertising does not conceal—it reveals. And at all times advertising respects the sovereign right of the customer to use his own judgment. . . . Thus it is true to say that

ADVERTISING

is the democratic method of making the best readily available to the greatest number.

CVS-24

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR
V194

Volume CLIX No. 2072

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 7, 1939

A Pregnant Moment in European History

The Russian Commander Borowenski Meets the German Army at Brest-Litovsk on September 18

An event, the final results of which it is difficult at present to foresee, occurred on Monday, September 18, at Brest-Litovsk, the historic town in the centre of dismembered Poland. The German communiqué stated that German and Russian troops met for the first time at Brest-Litovsk on that day. The German and Russian commanders exchanged courtesies. They did more than that: they arrived at an agreed frontier line which was to separate Russian Poland from German Poland, a line which has subsequently been ratified in Moscow. The Russian commander arrived at Brest-Litovsk in the mud-spattered armoured car in which he had apparently been regularly travelling. He wore a leather tunic and a crash helmet and posed, cigarette in hand, for the camera just after leaving the dual conference of officers. His high cheek bones and the line of brow distinguished him at once from the German officers with whom he mixed

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

AN ASTONISHING SIGHT IS LONDON WHEN MOONLIGHT STRIKES ITS TOWERS IN THE NIGHTLY BLACK-OUT

Last week the remarkable effect of buildings gleaming white against velvet-black shadows was observed by all. The æsthetic qualities of the scene were such that artists wandered for hours through the streets and by the riverside, absorbing the unusual Rembrandtesque effects which everywhere greeted one

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. V

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, October 4, 1939.

MR. CHURCHILL'S DISCOURSE.—Mr. Churchill, exceptionally, *is* a born entertainer. His Sunday evening discourse was as full of heart as of art. He is a born speaker, or a very highly trained one. He is an old hand now; as he reminded us once more, he was First Lord, as he now is, a quarter-century ago, at the outbreak of another world war. And as an old hand in war and politics, he would hardly have ventured so much optimism and comfort and confidence if it were not possible to back them with all his vast experience of war and politics and history. For he *was* incredibly heartening; not only about the effects of the blockade and the countering of the U-boat campaign but about the enigma of Stalin's amazing marriage with Hitler. The way he put it, the Nazi bride walked not to a bridal but to a funeral; wearing not a satin frock and pearl necklace but sackcloth and a halter. He may be sanguine, of course. It was a charge often brought against him in old days. But I confess I liked his optimism and courage. It warmed my heart. And he was not called on, either, to speak to a nation suddenly cast down or losing heart. On the contrary. We may be bored at times but we are as resolutely calm as we can be, and have counted and discounted the cost.

AN OBSCENE UNION.—"And that day Herod and Pilate were made friends together; for before they had been at enmity." True, indeed, that necessity makes strange bedfellows. It is obscene even to imagine what misgotten monstrosity may result from the consummation of the union of Hitler and Stalin, with the aid of their attendant stud grooms. Not flesh; certainly foul and perhaps a good red herring. They order us to make our peace instantly with all that is basest, most brutal, most treacherous and most barbarous in human life or to stand the consequences of their ruthless disregard of all laws of God and man. If this challenge does not at last and swiftly divide the world into two camps, then indeed those who hesitate to take their stand beside Paul will be sleeping partners of Apollos. "This above all: To thine own self be false, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be true to any man." The civilised world is threatened to-day with a life and death struggle, which must be long, with two creeds that have sacrificed every tenet of their faiths and betrayed every one of their believers for the sweets of an obscene union. Swiftly as events move to-day, it seems unlikely that the first reactions to the final answer will be in evidence immediately, or the answer itself desired until the peace offensive has run its dreary propaganda campaign for a few days. It is best not to speculate on the latest development.

PAYING FOR IT.—With no warmer feelings towards the man who insisted on world war, the public kneels in the desert to receive the new burden of taxation. Sir John Simon has with a hasty stroke finally removed the last complaints of all critics of capitalism and privilege, even if he has not gone very far yet in "paying as we go" for the war. Gone for our time are landed gentry and country houses, hunting and game preserves, luxury clubs, expensive balls for debutantes, rich cars and cruises, wealthy magnates, inherited fortunes, the traditional Eton College, idle pleasure-seekers, butlers, chauffeurs, and peach houses. We shall wake, when we wake from the nightmare of war, to a simpler order of things; but in the process to simplicity, what suffering will fall on those who ministered to luxury and are henceforth redundant! Myself, I am not downcast. If one's house is unsaleable one can perhaps pig it in a corner while capital lasts. We do not look far ahead. Middle-aged men like me have had their day and some their fingers in the pie; and for many outworn anachronisms from the age of privilege I have long felt a distaste. The old life of the country house was sweet, but it has long been too complicated. The expenses of polite education and the launching of privileged young women have long been felt to be an intolerable blackmail, levied on snobbery. The simple things remain; the countryside outlives the country house, lovely as it was. *Il faut cultiver son jardin.* I had come to find it less tiresome to dig my border than to shoot fat pheasants that come breast high. There is virtue and happiness in simplicity of life, and for a decade and more we have hung on absurdly to the anachronisms of luxury and elaboration which belonged to an age already dead. Yes, we pay — quite cheerfully, when we consider the *cause* for which we are to pay the price of victory. We pay, even if "we write to *The Times*" about the initial extravagance of the Government over the Ministry of Information, A.R.P., etc.

CONQUERING HATE.—Side by side in *The Times* of September 26 stood two letters, one from H. G. Wells on war aims and one from Lord Halifax on Toc H.'s job of conquering hate. Each approached the same ideal objective from a different angle. Mr. Wells was more detailed, more materialistic, more political; Lord Halifax voiced more generally the Christian principle. Each writer showed his anxiety for whatever future may be left to us after the war. Each revealed his bitter disappointment over the waste of so much noble blood and heroism in the late war to end war. Each suggested that *now* is not too soon to consult with the utmost openness and goodwill all nations, including that with which we are at war, about the means to ensure that, when this bloody imbecility is "liquidated," a new world order based on co-operation, mutual help, and fellowship shall at long last be established. There can be no sane man living who can cavil at or criticise the broad principle. The immediate problem remains unsolved: How to penetrate through the barriers and entanglements set up by Nazi nationalism to the one people of all others whose consciousness of the truth could effectively call off the imbecility. It is a vicious circle. While Hitler and his gang remain in power, the truth cannot penetrate, and therefore the obstacle to pursuing the urgent ideal cannot be removed. Yet Lord Halifax's letter gives us a clear hint that the puzzle of this paper war—this war fought bitterly against Nazism and with velvet gloves against Germany—lies in the Government's firm belief that somehow the truth *is* penetrating to the German people and that, presumably at no distant date, it will rise and remove the one obstacle that stands between universal madness and world sanity and fellowship. To what extent the Russian-German coup may arrest that desirable movement it is too early to say. At the moment the paper war is humiliating enough. It is a nightmare of shrieking voices, of baseless lies, vague rumours, and half-truths yelled out in strophe and antistrophe on the same wave-length at the same time. Sane men revolt from it. Some sensible men see no possible success from it on either side. It is early days to set forth in black and white the material world reforms which must come before a new world order can be firmly established. The only vital problem to this end to-day and to-morrow is to find the best means whereby the truth can prevail and the forces of evil be eliminated. Mr. Wells may think that only by smashing finally the Capitalist system and by pooling world resources can peace be established on earth. All will sympathise with sane views moderately set forth. Some may feel that the Capitalist system was fast breaking down in the wicked "thirties" and that a series of war budgets will by hard economic facts complete the work of destruction before the war is over.

"O MIRTH AND INNOCENCE! O MILK AND WATER! YE HAPPY MIXTURES OF MORE HAPPY DAYS!"

Nurses at a North London hospital enjoy a joke during the tea interval, and bring to mind Byron's lines quoted; some are wearing the big Red Cross Society's badge and others the Cross of St. John of Jerusalem

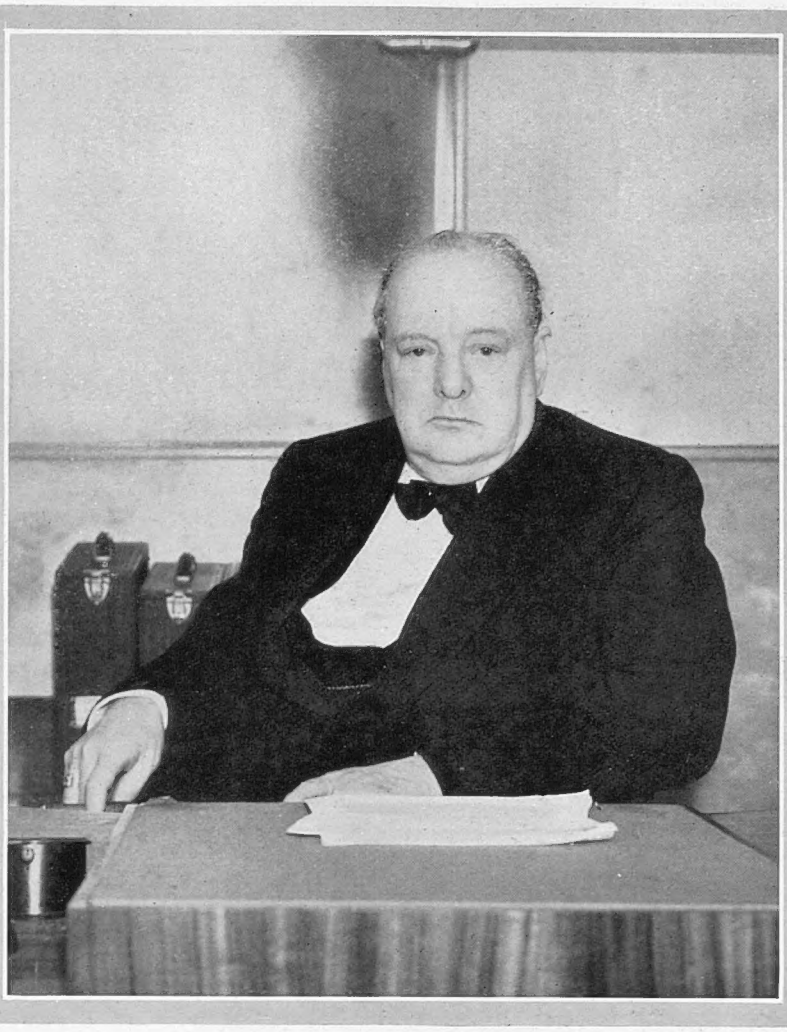
Others may argue that it is National Socialism and not Capitalism that has enslaved the world; nay, may soon argue that Communism is the arch-villain. But all will agree that to seek a means to bring communion of mind and exchange of thought and truth among the peoples of the world without exception is a first step and one so vital that the best minds in civilisation should devote themselves, as their contribution to war service, to find a way thereto less vile, less vulgar, less imbecile, than this hideous exchange of lies and tu-quoques which is rapidly driving all sane men to worse bitterness and incurable insanity.

THE INSOLUBLE MYSTERY.

—The Italian people, according to Mussolini, know better than to speak to the man at the wheel during a storm. And we, in our democratic way, adhere to the rule, more or less. We have had a lifetime of experience of war and have moved far from the days when "Charley thinks that all our generals at the war are fools." We assume that deep underlying motives and strong political and military reasons account for the non-realisation in the first weeks of war of practically all the probabilities which we had been led to expect and to prepare for. The bulk of the nation in arms during nearly a month had nothing directly to do with war, little war news to digest and, odder still, no whispers from an authoritative source to pass on. Never was there so little leakage, never was speculation so frozen. We scratched our heads and did not even bother to ask our friends, who work in or near the centre of things, what it all meant. Every day that defers the large scale casualty lists of soldiers or civilians is a day gained. We are thankful for it, but it merely increases our faith (which may be dashed to the ground) that something lies behind this extraordinary method of conducting war on the Strachan-Chatham principle, on the conventions of ancient chivalry wherein your Bayard waited for his adversary to complete his preparations to destroy him before launching an attack, the principle of the old time wrestler who held out his arm to give a weaker opponent a chance to clinch first. We remain, obedient and in silent faith (with nothing to read, little to do and more to speculate on than to think over) that our leaders know their business, that somebody holds the key to this supreme mystery and that certain incomprehensible motives, known in the holy of holies, may justify war to the death waged with velvet gloves and a polite refusal to take advantage of such chinks in the enemy's armour which he failed at first to close. In a word we assume that in France and England the leaders have or had reason to believe that the best blood of Europe might yet be saved.

YOU CAN'T SAY IT OFTEN ENOUGH.

—Every nation seems to be agreed that "you can't say it often enough." How inconsistent, how treacherous, how lying, how brutal, how bloody, has been the record of the Governments of its enemies. We can't say often enough that Hitler once said:—(a) "The first and best point of my Government's programme is that we won't lie and we won't swindle; (b) Germany does not intend to interfere in the internal affairs of Austria; (c) The Sudetenland is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe; (d) Danzig and Germany respect Polish rights; (e) We want to be a peace-loving element among the nations. We cannot repeat that often enough; (f) We see in Bolshevism a bestial, mad doctrine which is a threat to us." Is it true that we can't repeat these trifling inconsistencies often enough to the world? Is it true that we have still to convince Mussolini (for example) that Hitler has not been entirely consistent nor wholly upright, must hammer on in the hope of yet persuading him? What lunacy has taken charge of all civilisation that sane men still believe that educated men still need to be convinced that Hitler is a crook of the deepest blackness. There is not a child of five alive who in his heart doubts it. Men, like children, believe what it pays them to believe, and no propaganda will change their hearts. We shall find that out often enough in the next few weeks. Will there be one man in a million who will defend Hitler's political honesty when Hitler is dead? We know there will not be. What, then, is the virtue in our contributing to this imbecility of repetition?



THE VALIANT VOICE

The First Lord's stirring address to the people of Britain and the Empire on the wireless, Sunday, October 1, was everywhere welcomed as both opportune and heartening

"Directions have been given by the Government to prepare for a war of at least three years. That does not mean that victory may not be gained in a short time. How soon it will be gained depends upon how long Herr Hitler and his group of wicked men, whose hands are stained with blood and soiled with corruption, can keep their grip upon the docile, unhappy German people.

"It was for Hitler to say when the war would begin, but it is not for him or his successors to say when it will end. It began when he wanted it, and it will end only when we are convinced that he has had enough."

WALKING THROUGH THE NEUTRALS.

—It is true enough that if Belgium and Holland were "incorporated in the Reich," the task of England and France would be even more terrific and the menace to our countries and trade routes infinitely multiplied. But to achieve that end now, when war is begun, is an expedient which, if it has caught the fancy of the Führer, would demand some careful weighing by those who have to control the juggernaut he has loosed. The little war in Poland cost Germany no light payment in blood and petrol, and Poland was a country devoid of modern defences and totally lacking in weapons capable of dealing with "air and tank" methods. We were most of us surprised to re-discover the comparatively small length of frontier common to France and Germany. Petrol is the chief sinew of modern war and few of Hitler's army advisers would encourage him lightly to treble the demands on Germany's slender store of petrol by enlarging the front from Luxembourg to within a stone's throw of Wilhelmshaven. For the Dutch and the Belgians are doughty fighters, their defences are strong, both natural and man-made, and before they had ceded their territories, their allies would have made good use of jumping-off grounds in their countries. Essen and Wilhelmshaven would be much nearer England in the first weeks of the new struggle than would Dover or London be near Germany. I find it difficult to believe that Hitler's chief lieutenants would suffer him to impose this final-beyond-final insanity upon them. Once they succumb to it, they will be fighting, not on two fronts but on every front in civilisation to the ninth and tenth dimension.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS: THEIR FUTURE.

—It is clear that we cannot perpetually write about the war, least of all when to do that is to make bricks without straw, and constantly to repeat ourselves, to hash and rehash the scraps which fall from the table of the Talents' Ministry. Yet to look beyond the war is not encouraged by the Government's slogans nor justified by the outlook as we see it. The public schools are reassembled for the autumn term, some in strange rural surroundings. I wonder if the headmasters and their councils are yet looking ahead. The first taste of war budgeting must have given them cause to do so. For some years many of us have wondered how long the more fashionable public schools would serenely carry on and plan ahead on the assumption that there would always remain an adequate supply of the "right sort" of parents willing to and capable of spending £300 to £350 a year to educate a son at a fashionable public school. We have heard of rationalising, of economics, of modernising, of democratising, but when we visit our sons at school we do not notice much change. The ancient traditions appear to be as jealously preserved as ever, the old absurd clothes are still worn, the old cults and the old forms are still followed, and when the bills come in, the cheque to be drawn, for one good reason or another, is always just a little higher than in the same half last year. We all believed in 1914 (or at any rate by 1916) that a new order would emerge when peace came. But *this* war there *is* one very significant difference. When it broke out we were already taxed up to a point which the Chancellors agreed was breaking point. If by the end of this war (after the foretaste of the first war budget) there remain the necessary number of thousands of "suitable" parents ready to spend £350 a year per head for the public-school education of sons, it will be a surprise indeed to many of us. That is why we hope—even assume—that public school authorities are looking ahead, exploring avenues, axe in hand.

THE OLD STAGER

THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF POLAND'S FIRST PRESIDENT ARRIVE AS EXILES IN LONDON

They are here seen with the wife of the Polish Embassy's secretary after arrival in London with their mother, Madame Alexandra Pilsudska, widow of General Joseph Pilsudski. They fled to sanctuary by way of Lithuania

WHAT "MECHANISATION" BRINGS IN ITS TRAIN IN POLAND—A GERMAN ARMY JAM ON THE ROAD TO BREST-LITOVSK

The military traffic is endeavouring to pass in opposite directions. On the left is an ordinary service car and on the right one of the curious coffin-shaped cars bearing white Geneva crosses on them. They seem to be very lightly and awkwardly made

A RUSSIAN ARMOURED CAR RATTLES THROUGH THE COBBLED STREET OF A POLISH TOWN

This picture of the extraordinary advance of the Russian army was obtained at Rakov, a small Polish town of typical wooden houses. As the countryside was practically unoccupied by Polish forces these armoured columns advanced at a pace of about forty miles a day

GERMANY and RUSSIA

Meet at Brest-Litovsk and Bialystock

Scenes at the Conference which Carved up Poland

RUSSIAN AND GERMAN OFFICERS DISCUSS FRONTIER DETAILS AT BIALYSTOCK

The Russian officer on the left is bearing a portfolio in his characteristically long-sleeved arm. Other officers of his staff are following—all with the Soviet star on the cap

DEMARCATION DISCUSSIONS PROCEED BETWEEN GERMAN OFFICERS AND THE RUSSIANS

The German officers are seated and examining written documents and adding signatures. Behind stands a Russian with Soviet star on cap

THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER BOROWENSKI BENDS OVER THE MAP OF POLAND

He has more the air of a military technician than that of a politician: a good defensive line seems uppermost in his mind!

"DER FÜHRER" EXAMINING AN ARMOURED TRAIN WRECKED BY THE POLES

General Keitel and Hitler, in military uniform with eagle badge on arm, are inspecting the melancholy sight of a heavily-armoured train which was completely derailed by the Poles

"THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYONE: THIS BALANCES THAT"

These words seem to interpret the wave of the arm as the representatives of the carving powers discuss the dismembered country

The reports which reached Moscow all tended to show that the Russians, in their advance into Poland, met little resistance except from some few detachments of the ordinary frontier guards who hastily manned the trenches at a few points. The regular Polish armies were all facing in the opposite direction. This singularly simplified the task of the very considerable Russian forces.

Motorised columns rattled through the empty countryside at a great rate, covering in some cases as much as 40 miles each day to keep their appointment with the victorious German armies and complete the "fourth partition" of Poland.

AFTER THE CHANNEL PASSAGE, UNDETERRED BY ENEMY SUBMARINES

By "Eyewitness"

"As we slipped out of harbour in England two of the transports were sailing neck and neck, and the troops immediately turned it into a race. They crowded to the side and yelled jokes and good-humoured insults across to one another. One ship struck up 'Tipperary' and the other promptly replied with 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres.' Here and there about the ship there were impromptu concerts. Some of the singing was rather tentative, for the songs of this war have not yet been decided on. The songs of twenty-five years ago are still the favourites. We picked up our escort of destroyers and all the way across they hovered around us, shepherding us among the dangers of the Channel. The officers gathered in the smoking-room to hear orders issued. Among the officers and men the conversation ran on much the same lines: 'Where are we going, what are we going to do?' and so on. Many remembered their families, and there was a rush for paper and pencils when a notice went up saying that letters might be posted on board."

GOOD ADVICE WAS GIVEN BY OLD HANDS WHO KNEW THE RIGHT, AND THE WRONG, WAY TO JUMP

"When you jump into the water hold the belt with your hands or you will break your neck," said the wise ones as the men discussed the adjustment of lifebelts

The BRITISH ARMY LANDS in FRANCE

First Official Pictures of the Passage of British Troops to France, Which Took Place With the Punctuality of the Channel Steamers

BRITISH NURSES AND AIRMEN COME DOWN THE GANGWAY WITH THEIR KIT "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

The nurses were wearing the Red Cross armlet and Red Cross ribbon round their hats. Steel helmets and gas-masks were carried

SWINGING ALONG WITH KIT-BAG ON SHOULDERS, THESE BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE MAKING THEIR FIRST MARCH IN FRANCE

"One by one the transports slipped into the French harbour and the destroyers turned round to collect the next batch. The voyage was over. Another convoy had arrived safely"

THE STRATEGY OF THE WAR—No. II

A Week-by-Week Commentary on the Military Situation

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

LEAVING THE OFFICERS' CLUB IN CONSTANTINOPLE
A picture taken some little time ago, showing Ismet Pasha, the present President of the Turkish Republic, Major-General Heywood (who recently went to Moscow with the British Mission) and General Sir Charles Harington, the writer of this weekly article

DURING last week, previous to Friday, little had happened except that we saw the grip tightening daily on the gallant defenders of Warsaw, and we knew that the end was near. The end came on Thursday, the city being reduced to ruins and containing only the bodies of thousands of brave soldiers and citizens, including women and children, whose last memories will have been of the message of Adolf Hitler, "I have given my Air Force strict instructions only to bomb military objectives." The defenders will certainly go down to history as men who played a very gallant part.

On the Western Front little has happened except artillery fire on each other's communications. The French have been "nibbling" at the German defences and have forced the enemy to evacuate Saarbrücken and a number of German villages. Meantime, the French and British aeroplanes have no doubt made many useful reconnaissances and been able to obtain many useful photographs of the Siegfried defences, gun positions, pill-boxes, etc. In so doing they do not appear to have been interfered with to any great extent, which is difficult to understand. There is no mention so far of any action by the British Expeditionary Force, nor do we know anything about them for the time being, and rightly so. I do not believe myself that either side is going to hurl masses of men at these so-called "lines." Those days are done. We have all learnt our lesson in that respect.

It was always said that in war the moral is to the physical as 3 to 1. Now we have to consider the odds about oil, petrol, and workshops. These are the things which are going to count nowadays. Directly one side or the other can no longer adequately fuel its machines in the air or its mechanical vehicles, both for fighting and supplies, on the ground, the end draws nearer, and from all accounts we seem to have more in our tank at the moment than the enemy and also a better chance of being able to refill. It is a fact that at one period of the great war 60 per cent. of our mechanical transport in France was off the road. It was then that we hurriedly bought and equipped the depot at Slough. The same applies to food. There comes a time, as in the last war, when those at home can no longer stand the pinch of hunger and want.

The last to stick it out wins that race and we shall be a good last. Mr. Winston Churchill's statements and those of the Minister of Food have been very comforting and hopeful, though as the Prime Minister rightly says, we have a long way to go.

As many people say, it has been an "odd" sort of war so far. The only real war has fallen on the unfortunate Poles, to whom by no form of known strategy could we or the French have afforded direct help. We have, we are told, dropped some 18,000,000 leaflets and it may be that Mr. Knickerbocker will be the cause of dropping many more. I think there must have been many comic writers who have been puzzled to find something to rhyme with "Knickerbocker." The best I can do is "Dropped-a-Shocker" which appears to be true. It also appears as if the Russians provided a new form of warfare in marching on the Poles with a man in front with a white flag and printing machines and presumably loud speakers behind.

We all waited anxiously last week for the result of the conference at Moscow. The presence of Von Ribbentrop always makes us suspect mischief. We had not long to wait. The result of their deal became known to the world on Friday morning. It was what we anticipated last week. Exactly the same tactics as before by Hitler, only this time he had his back door accomplice with him, the man for whom he has expressed such contempt during the past years. Hand in hand they have destroyed and carved up Poland and have the effrontery to say to France and Great Britain that all they want is peace and that everything they have done is for peace and for the future happiness of the unfortunate Poles. In so doing, Russia has incidentally picked up and befriended Estonia in case she might feel herself left out in the cold. They further offer France and Great Britain peace or the consequences.

This "Pole-jumping" business has been despicable throughout. In my sports diary I see that the "Pole Jump" record in 1937 resulted in a tie between two men. It seems again to have resulted in a tie between Hitler and Stalin. What happens next? Will they jump it off on the Demarcation Line and will Stalin go eastward bent on mischief in Rumania and the Balkans whilst Hitler goes west to enable Dr. Goebbels, as he said, to talk to his people in Germany from London before Christmas!

It is difficult to keep pace with Hitler's promises. Only a few days ago Poland was to be a buffer state with Warsaw retained by the Poles. Now apparently there is to be no Poland and no buffer state. Poles can either live one side of the line and become Nazis or the other side of the line and become Communists. They will evidently, like us, require a National Register night before long.

During this time I have been thinking a lot of my friend General Ismet Pasha (now Inönü), President of Turkey, with whom I concluded a convention at Mudania and with whom I have kept in touch since. I had a letter from him recently since he became President and I have several others always wishing for friendship with England. His predecessor, Ataturk, had the same view. They never wished to be an enemy of England and were only sorry they went against us in the last war. I have great faith in Ismet and I am confident that he will not fail us. He was very sincere in all his dealings with me in Turkey and I liked him very much. He had very charming manners and a great sense of humour. He has now learnt English and his last letter to me was in English. It was, therefore, a great joy to me on Saturday last when the news came through that Ismet had made his position clear as the friend which I forecast and that a pact is to be signed shortly.

Perhaps it is not out of place as this moment to consider the position of my late neighbour, General Franco. I am sure that he is only too anxious to be left alone to settle his own difficulties, which are numerous enough. I have always maintained that General Franco wishes to be friendly with England. I had many dealings with him regarding Gibraltar throughout the Spanish War and he was always reasonable and helpful. I have always maintained that no gun or howitzer was ever mounted with any hostile intention towards Gibraltar. They were mounted, and rightly so, after the bombardment of Algeciras, a defenceless town, by the Republican battleship, *Jaime I*, and which I witnessed.

Although until the Supreme War Council has met we cannot expect any official statement, the universal comments in the Press last Saturday and Sunday showed most clearly the determined feelings of the French and British nations. Hitler's attempt to divide opinion in this country and launched right on the top of a severe Budget, has failed completely. He can no longer be in any doubt. He is at liberty to consult on what he calls "the steps to be taken" with his tame Russian bear as soon as he likes. It may be that before long he will have to buy a stronger collar and chain for the bear.

In these anxious days we watch with interest the feeling in the United States of America. We remember with gratitude President Roosevelt's efforts to procure peace and Hitler's disregard of those efforts. We have many good friends in America and many good friends in Italy. I speak feelingly of Italy. I went with Lord Plumer when the British troops were sent from France to help the Italians after Caporetto, and I always remember the kindness of General Diaz and General (now Marshal) Badoglio with whom I dealt chiefly.

Later I had the honour of having the Italian troops under my command in Turkey. They were commanded by the late General Mombelli—a very good soldier—obviously known to the soldiers as "My Tummy." Those sort of friendships don't die. Italy respects us as we respect Italy. I hold the same views as regards the German nation.

I saw a lot of the German navy when at Gibraltar and have the greatest admiration for their sailors. In fact, my very last function in Gibraltar was to entertain the officers of the *Deutschland* to luncheon just after the crisis in September, 1938, and just before I left. The British Fleet was still mobilised at the time.

It was the *Deutschland* which came into Gibraltar earlier in the Spanish War after a disaster, bringing some thirty dead and eighty badly wounded who were cared for in our hospital. They were very bad cases and nearly all were terribly burned. It was at that time that four British nursing sisters were flown out from England to help, and the Germans, to my knowledge, were very grateful for the help given by our medical and nursing staff.

We must now await the outcome of the discussion on these "necessary measures." Stalin may think that he had a bit of luck in bagging half Poland, naval and air bases in Estonia and the oil fields in the south and also in having established himself between Germany and Rumania, and all practically without firing a shot. He may think that that is enough for the moment and be content to sit down and watch his pal whom he has agreed to help with all kinds of material but from whom he will not get paid in cash or kind for a long time. Hitler will then have to play his hand alone.

By his round-the-corner tactics with Stalin he has lost the confidence and friendship of some other nations, as evidenced by the world press, and it may be that many of his own nation are not as enthusiastic regarding the future as he and his friends think they are.

By this day week we shall know a great deal more. There are two things which I should like to know as I write. One, the purport of Count Ciano's hurried visit to Berlin and, secondly, the reason British reconnaissance machines were allowed last Saturday to fly over the Siegfried line unmolested at some 600 ft. and take photographs of the enemy's back positions and even be hailed and welcomed by the Germans.

It is all very odd, but anyhow we know only too well in our own hearts that we did everything humanly possible to preserve peace and therefore to be considered by Hitler and Stalin to be responsible for the war need not, I think, disturb our sleep.

AFTER THE RUSSO-GERMAN PACT COMES THE BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA
"It also appears," writes Sir Charles, "as if the Russians provided a new form of warfare in marching on the Poles with a man in front with a white flag and printing machines and presumably loud speakers behind." Well, whether Hitler likes it or not, the Russians are now busily engaged in feeding the "liberated" Poles with a plentiful supply of Bolshevik propaganda: here are soldiers of the Red Army distributing Moscow newspapers to the peasantry near Vilna

FROM THE WEST and from THE EAST

TYPICAL SAAR MINERS, NOTED FOR THEIR INDEPENDENT AND RADICALLY-INCLINED POLITICS IN PRE-NAZI DAYS

A group of typical miners of the Saar district, the mining areas of which, it is reported, have been completely evacuated by the German authorities who are sending trainloads of these miners to the Ruhr. These men were noted for their independent attitude in pre-Nazi days

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE OF NAZI AND BOLSHEVIK

German soldiers meet the crew of a Russian armoured car. Ideological differences have apparently been sunk by both these invaders of Poland at the prospect of sharing the country between them. Even Berlin is said to be full of Russian officers "fraternising" with the military leaders of the Third Reich

WITH THE GERMAN COMMAND IN POLAND

THE GERMAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN POLAND

General von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-Chief of the German Army (centre group, second from left), receiving reports on the banks of the Narew River, near Pultusk. *On right*—A car in Posen bearing the white cross which figures on so many German motorised vehicles. What does it signify?

A SIX-WHEELED STAFF CAR PULLS UP

A mechanised train of mixed units in a devastated Polish town

THE FÜHRER AND FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING

Herr Hitler flying over the Polish area. *On right* (left to right)—General Lorzer, State Secretary Korner, Field-Marshal Göring, Major-General Bodenschatz, and General Milch of the Air Force

LIFE UNDER STALIN

Scenes Military and Civil from the U.S.S.R.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY DRAWN UP IN RED SQUARE, MOSCOW

Following the Cossack tradition of Czarist days, the U.S.S.R. army still maintains a strong cavalry arm. This regiment is smartly accoutred

IN THE STATE BANK OF THE U.S.S.R.

The hateful system of capitalistic banking is in operation in Soviet Russia — many Western features of social life having perforce to re-assert themselves

GUN TEAMS AND GUNS MANŒUVRING IN FRONT OF THE KREMLIN

Caterpillar tractors are a feature of the Soviet military equipment. A pair of big wheels hold up the trail of the mobile guns. Huge inscriptions figure on the distant building

A STRANGE PICTURE FROM MOSCOW

This picture, with the usual Russian typewritten description, reads: "Uncle Tshukosha (the author, K. T. Tshukoosky) reads his books very interestingly (kindergarten of the Manometer Works, Moscow)"

REGISTERING THE DEPOSITS OF SOVIET WORKERS IN THE STATE BANK OF THE U.S.S.R.

On the right is the counter with depositors waiting their turn; men and women clerks are busily engaged in banking work

LARGE NUMBERS OF MINES DRIFT ON TO THE DUTCH COAST IN ONE DAY

Flotsam and jetsam washed up on the Dutch coast at present include a great number of German mines. Some of these explode as they ground and the military are kept busy dealing with those which are still "live." On September 15 no fewer than fifteen mines were found in one day, rendering the coast a danger area

THE SUBMAR

A Second Ar for Securing

THE early days of a submarine campaign against shipping are bound to be very much in favour of the enemy, especially when he has had the opportunity of preparing beforehand and setting his ships to lie in wait along the trade routes, while British merchant ships are all over the Seven Seas, unarmed and unescorted. They are faced with the alternative of seeking refuge in neutral ports until things are more favourable and the Navy has had time to make full preparation for their protection, or running the gauntlet in order to relieve the temporary shortage of commodities due to the initial confusion and transport difficulties. The decision is the responsibility of the Admiralty, which took over the control of British merchant shipping immediately after the outbreak of war, and their orders were apparently that merchant ships were to take the risk.

It is satisfactory to note that the losses in the first phase were very much less than had been expected by the authorities, so that the next question concerns the chances of British merchant shipping when the position has become more stable and the chances more equal. Here again there is no need for depression, although the country must face the possibility of considerable losses.

There is, however, not the least doubt that the Merchant Navy is in a very much better position to-day than it was in the latter days of the last war, when the submarine campaign had been definitely mastered. The convoy system has been organised to start immediately and the Ministry of Information has already let it be known that it is in operation, for at least one North Sea convoy, always the most difficult, has triumphantly got to its destination in spite of submarine attacks, under the leadership of the London and Edinburgh packet, *Royal Fusilier*, which is a miniature liner of the type which proved particularly useful for convoys in 1917 and 1918. There is no doubt that other convoys have been equally successful, but it is the Admiralty's policy to say nothing about them in order to keep the enemy completely in the dark as to the progress of the submarine war.

It has been frankly admitted that a number of British ships have been sunk, in undivulged positions, but from the reports that have been released it would appear that every one of these was out of convoy and presumably without a defensive armament, either through being homeward bound or because she had sailed before the outbreak of war. The U-boats operating in the more distant waters are handicapped for lack of fuel and the slender chance of replacing torpedoes fired, while in the narrow waters they have to overcome the convoy system whose utility has been well proved.

The present German submarine fleet has been hastily built by mass-production methods, and although there would appear to be no reasonable criticism of the ships within the limits of their size, there remains the question of the training of officers and men, and Germany has obviously had neither the time nor the opportunity to build up a really efficient specialist branch.

In the late war all the most successful German submarine operations, including their peak period from the commencement of unrestricted submarine warfare in February, 1917, to the establishment of the convoy system some months afterwards, were carried out when both officers and men were volunteers and were taken from the cream of the German personnel. When the number of losses had passed the supply by ordinary means the crews of the U-boats were told off by numbers as they are now and the efficiency of the attack dropped at once. The initial successes of the Navy, announced by the Government without any unnecessary details, must have made a big difference to the enthusiasm of these pressed crews and with such small opportunities of training new ones the efficiency of the force is bound to drop. It must be remembered that the biggest of the present U-boat fleet is very much smaller than the average size operating in distant waters in 1917 and 1918 and, apart from anything else, there is no doubt that this will have its effect.

So an inferior attack has to meet a superior defence, for it is very generally admitted that the various anti-submarine measures have been vastly improved since the Armistice in 1918, and especially during the last few years when the Anti-Submarine School at Portland has been working at high pressure on operations that need not be particularised. Added to which, there is no shortage of weapons.

Among these the most important are the defensive armaments for merchant ships. Large numbers of a special type of defensive gun, declared to be the most effective after long experiments, were delivered by the American and Japanese armament works about the time of the Armistice, unfortunately too late to have much influence on the sinkings at that time when British ships were still being armed with any guns which were available.

At one period some years after the Armistice, pacifists and economists in power suggested that all these guns and their mountings should be dumped into the sea in order to save the expense of their maintenance, but after a hard struggle the Admiralty secured their retention and it was announced in Parliament that they were being maintained in first-class condition. More recently it was announced that British ships were being taken in hand whenever they were in a convenient port and having their decks strengthened and otherwise fitted to take these guns, a measure which the Germans, Japanese and Italians had already taken whenever they built a new ship. Many subsidised Italian ships, indeed, were actually launched with the gun platforms in place and were tried for gunnery as well as for speed.

As guns are of no use without gunlayers, and as there was a possibility of the Navy being unable to supply the trained men as it did in the late war, the Government has recently given opportunities to merchant seamen to undergo a short course in gunnery which is quite sufficient to permit them to defend their ships at submarine ranges. It will be remembered that in practically all the reports that have been released concerning the sinking of merchant ships up

A NEUTRAL VESSEL HIT BY A GERMAN MINE NEAR COPENHAGEN

The danger to all vessels by the sowing of mines in the Baltic and adjacent waters is evidenced by the damage to the Greek steamer *Katinco Hadgitalera*. She was hit when in the Sound

MINE DAMAGE TO A NEUTRAL STEAMER

The Greek steamer shown in the picture on the left had her deck burst up in this fashion by a mine

INE SITUATION—II

ticle Detailing the Methods a Safer Sea Around Britain

to date, mention is made of the submarine using gunfire, either as the primary means of attack or else to hasten the end of her victim. They will not, of course, dare to do this, except in the most favourable circumstances, when the bulk of the Merchant Service has received its armament.

By FRANK C. BOWEN

The convoy system is also expected to be very much more efficient than it was in 1918, when there were still any number of cases of confusion, for both naval and mercantile officers have gone through practical courses of training for two years and more, and they now fully understand one another and the whole scheme of mercantile defence.

Modern ship construction and design also gives the merchant ship additional chances. Ever since the last war the general tendency has been to build faster ships, and speed in itself is a great measure of protection, although it is realised that if one of these fast ships is sunk it will be a greater loss to the country. This speed is not only obtained by greater power, but by improved hull lines which give greater speed with the same, or even less, power and which also generally give far greater handiness to avoid a torpedo as soon as her wake of bubbles is seen.

The International Convention on Safety of Life at Sea, which met in London in 1929, provided for a much more efficient system of subdividing the ship into watertight compartments by bulkheads, and although, of course, that is not to say that the most carefully divided ship cannot be sunk—an unlucky hit near the bulkhead which divides two compartments will sink practically any ship—there is a far greater chance of a merchant ship surviving a torpedo explosion, and any number did in the late war.

The more compact machinery which is fitted nowadays has its influence in this, for the machinery compartment is nearly always the biggest and therefore the most dangerous if it is flooded, although in that there are many who blame the Board of Trade for its reluctance to change the tonnage regulations which were framed many years ago and which often demand much bigger machinery spaces than are necessary.

The 1929 Convention also greatly improved the situation with regard to life-boats, especially in liners. Cargo steamers have for many years been made to carry sufficient boats on either side to take off everybody on board, but after the *Titanic* disaster the popular demand for "boats for all" was applied to liners whose stability had not been worked out to allow for such a heavy weight high up, and led to several torpedoed ships capsizing before their people could be got away, losing many valuable lives.

There are very few, if any, such liners left on service nowadays and the modern ships have all been designed for the extra top weight, while improved davits permit the boats to be lowered with greater safety, even if the ship is listing heavily or is down by the head or stern. Torpedoed vessels, even if they are hit dead amidships and the compartment is completely filled, have never been known to go down quite evenly, and this makes the launching of life-boats more difficult, although things are much better now and modern davits have overcome the necessity of having the boats swung outboard when passing through the danger area, when there was a very serious risk of the explosion of the torpedo destroying the boats above it.

When the boats are in the water they have a better chance than they had in the old days, for the Board of Trade Lifeboatman's Certificate, whose possession has recently been very strictly enforced for all merchant seamen, demands a very high standard and although there will naturally be a certain amount of dilution of shipboard labour the large proportion of fully-trained men must prove invaluable.

With the more general use of wireless and direction-finding gear there is also an infinitely better chance of a torpedoed ship receiving assistance so that, although of course it would not do to minimise the possibilities of the German submarine blockade, it is at least certain that the merchant ship will have a far better chance of escaping destruction, and if she is destroyed her people will have an infinitely better chance of reaching safety. And this chance will improve still more as time goes on.

THE INCREASING PROTECTION TO OUR TRADE ROUTES: A DESTROYER RACING TOWARDS A THREATENED AREA

The anti-submarine campaign is growing every week in strength, and the British destroyers are accomplishing wonders in harrying the undersea enemy

MR. CHURCHILL'S SUMMARY OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE U-BOATS

First week—65,000 tons of shipping lost; second week—46,000 tons lost; third week—21,000 tons lost; last six days—9,000 tons lost.

OTHER POINTS FROM HIS SPEECH WERE: "It is a measure of the success of our attack upon the U-boats that in the last few days they seem to prefer neutral shipping, or humble fishing trawlers, to our regular merchant ships. Finnish, Dutch, Swedish, Greek, Norwegian and Belgian ships have been sunk on the high seas in an indiscriminate manner and with loss of life.

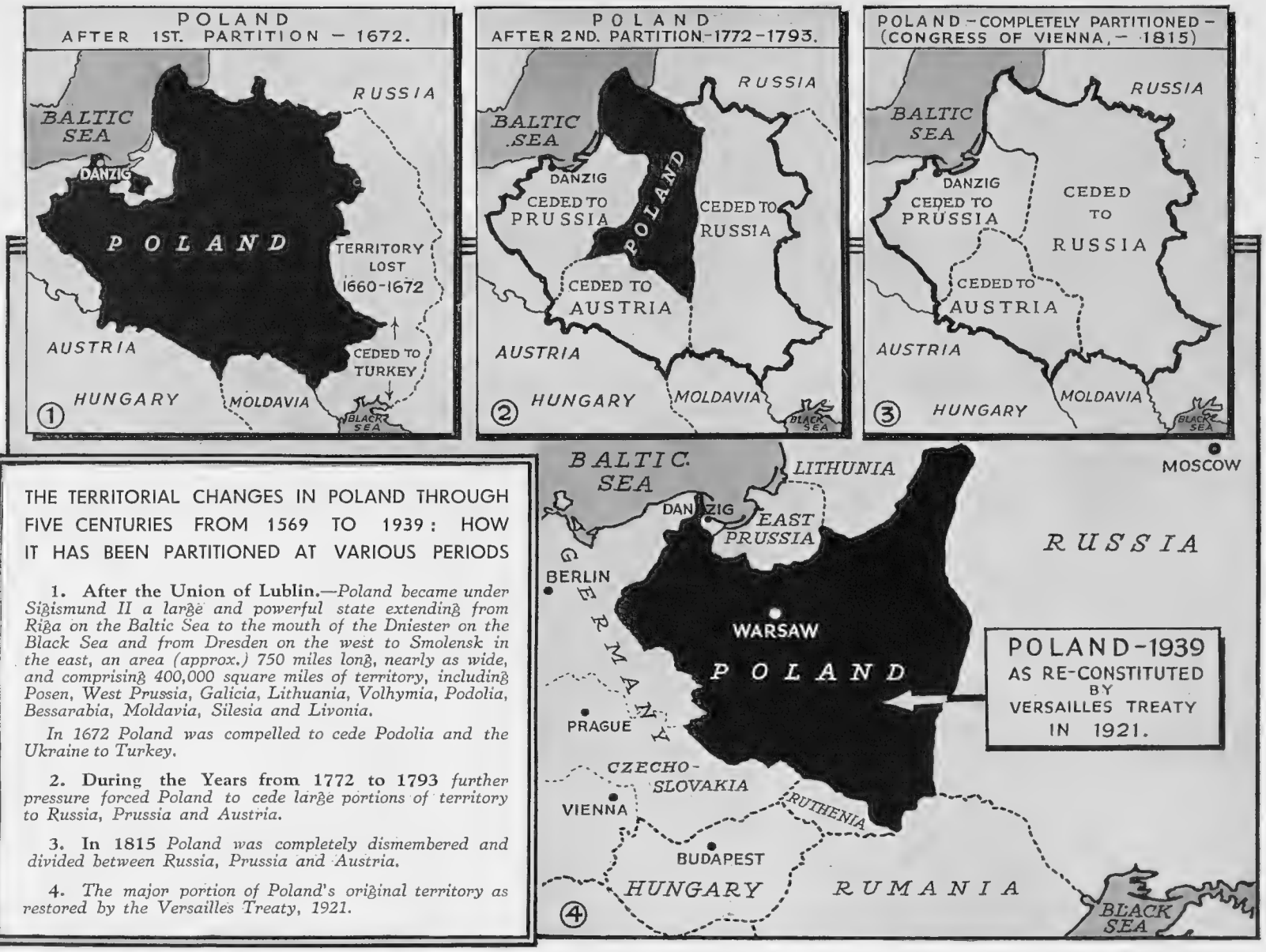
"It will be much easier for our enemies, who seek our destruction, to build more U-boats than to replace the highly-skilled, limited class of professional officers and crews who are now being captured or destroyed."

AN OCEAN LINER ARMED AGAINST SUBMARINE ATTACK

The stern of the Cunard-WhiteStar liner *Mauretania* now mounts a useful 6-in. gun

DAMAGED BY A FLOATING MINE — THE LITTLE GUNBOAT "KITTIWAKE"

H.M.S. *Kittiwake* was damaged by striking a mine in the English Channel a few days ago. Five of the crew were missing, believed killed, two were injured. *Kittiwake* returned to harbour for repairs



THE TERRITORIAL CHANGES IN POLAND THROUGH FIVE CENTURIES FROM 1569 TO 1939: HOW IT HAS BEEN PARTITIONED AT VARIOUS PERIODS

1. **After the Union of Lublin.**—*Poland became under Sigismund II a large and powerful state extending from Riga on the Baltic Sea to the mouth of the Dniester on the Black Sea and from Dresden on the west to Smolensk in the east, an area (approx.) 750 miles long, nearly as wide, and comprising 400,000 square miles of territory, including Posen, West Prussia, Galicia, Lithuania, Volhymia, Podolia, Bessarabia, Moldavia, Silesia and Livonia.*

In 1672 Poland was compelled to cede Podolia and the Ukraine to Turkey.

2. **During the Years from 1772 to 1793** *further pressure forced Poland to cede large portions of territory to Russia, Prussia and Austria.*

3. **In 1815** *Poland was completely dismembered and divided between Russia, Prussia and Austria.*

4. *The major portion of Poland's original territory as restored by the Versailles Treaty, 1921.*

THE VICISSITUDES OF POLAND: A GLANCE AT FOUR STAGES OF HER HISTORY

In the above four maps, the territorial changes in Poland's history are set out. For eighteen years the Poland re-created by the Versailles Treaty of 1921 has existed under conditions of internal peace with the exception of the dash into Teschen. The new line which Russia and Germany have agreed upon runs northward from Przemysl to Annopol, Warsaw (bisecting the city), to Lomza and the East Prussian frontier

THE REVOLT OF THE CZECHS

What is Happening Behind the Veil in Bohemia and the Carpathians

ON September 21 there came news that there was a revolt in the "Protectorate" of Bohemia-Moravia, and that it had spread into Western Slovakia. It was not possible to expect an armed rising, for the Czechs no longer have an army, their fine guns have been sold, and all arms have been collected. But it was the kind of revolt which occurs in countries held under hated rule, when the latent hostility bursts out. Riots had occurred in several places, and damage had been done to railways, bridges and workshops—the sabotage so difficult for governments to overcome. The Reich spoke slightingly of the rising, but did not hesitate to use their ruthless power in suppressing it. Many executions are reported, but nothing can stop a nation that is set on regaining freedom.

Guerrilla bands of desperate, determined men can keep large forces of soldiers occupied in hunting them, provided they have the nation behind them, ready to conceal and help. Sporadic risings, occurring at unexpected moments, are a serious problem to the Reich, who need every man to be at work. The exiled Dr. Benes sent, at the opening of war, a message to the Prime Minister stating that the Czechoslovak citizens "consider ourselves as being also at war with the German military forces." In Prague, the Prime Minister, held under the grip of the "Protector," could do nothing but implore the people to remain calm and steady.

At the end of August there were many signs in Bohemia of German activity and preparations for war. Masses of military police were visible everywhere, guarding bridges and railway stations, and a scheme was prepared for the general mobilisation of all Czech men up to 45 years old for compulsory labour. Sabotage was obviously feared, for the Czech Government was warned that it would be held responsible for any actions taken. On September 1, the Czech Legionaries were disbanded, not being relied upon for loyalty to the Reich. A few days later there were open disturbances in Prague and Brno, and a stern warning was issued that it would be the death sentence for acts of sabotage. The Czech Government were obliged to warn their people of the seriousness of joining in any military rising, as they would be regarded as "traitors" if captured. Meanwhile, Czech legions were busily being formed in England and France, and the German "Freedom" wireless urged the Czechs to revolt.

KARL SIDOR, EX-PREMIER OF SLOVAKIA AND HITLER'S ENEMY IN THE MOUNTAINS

A picturesque local chief is conducting his own war against Hitler in the mountainous Tatra district of Slovakia, according to Paris Excelsior. *He is the Slovakian Chief Sidor, who leads a small independent army. They frequently sweep down into the territory occupied by German troops, says the* Excelsior, *and the Germans have not yet dared to venture into the upper Tatra district, which is entirely in the hands of Sidor's men*

The rising may have been premature, and calm judgment might have advised waiting, but at least the Nazi Government is now forced to keep large numbers of soldiers in Bohemia, to be ready for crushing any further revolts. They cannot trust the Czechs, who may at any moment cause explosions in factories, start fires, or bring about accidents in important workshops. The hostility of a whole nation is not easily overcome, particularly at a time when every ounce of energy is required elsewhere.

The Germans have themselves to thank for this deep hatred of the Czechs. Ever since last March when Hitler broke his word and marched into Prague, the Germans have been in too great a hurry to try to conciliate the Czechs. All efforts have been employed to Germanise the state, to bring it, in very truth, into the Reich, with all the regimentation so intolerable to a freedom-loving people. The enforcing of the Nuremberg laws against the Jews; the gaining of control over most of the big business concerns; the sending of Czech workers into Germany; and the insistence of the German language being the official one, have pressed home to the Czechs more and more the tyranny under which they are living. The Czechs have refused to settle down under the "Protectorate," but have grimly waited for the moment when they could strike a blow for liberty.

Everyone is doing his share, even though it may not be the dangerous work of sabotage. The Nazis do not enjoy life in Bohemia, where they exist under a persistent boycott. Czechs will not buy at a German shop, and make a point of leaving a restaurant or café if any Germans enter it. The restaurant proprietors are finding this so awkward that they are thinking of having separate restaurants for Czechs. The Czech taxi-driver will not take a German passenger, and the Czech girls refuse to talk to German soldiers. In the black-outs some German soldiers, walking alone, are sometimes stabbed, or clubbed to death. Trifling things compared to a real rebellion of armed forces, but enough to fray the nerves of an occupying army which knows itself to be the object of deep hostility.

Dr. Benes has broadcast a vigorous appeal to his fellow countrymen. "Throughout the whole country, from the last village up to Prague, in every workshop, in every enterprise, wherever you are, you must continue to carry on this struggle." M. Jan Masaryk, formerly Czechoslovak minister in London, and son of the great Masaryk who was the first President of Czechoslovakia, is working with Dr. Benes to organise a Czech army to fight with the Allies. He is confident that the rising of a week ago is only the beginning, just a demonstration of the greater movement which will sweep the Nazis out of their land.

It is reported that 60,000 soldiers have been sent to hold down the Czechs, while the Protector, Baron von Neurath, is given supreme authority over taxes, railways, post office, and justice. The reconstituted Czech Government, at the moment, can only organise and encourage from a distance.

THE FIRST MEETING OF MR. BURGIN'S SUPPLY COUNCIL

This is "the much greater organisation with an appropriate Ministry of Munitions Council consisting of directors with executive powers" whose creation was announced by Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply, in the House of Commons on September 21. Seated at the table (reading in a clockwise direction) are Mr. P. Bennett (Director-General of Tanks and Transport); Sir Andrew Duncan (Chairman of Committee of Controllers); Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown (Director-General of Munitions Production); Sir Arthur Robinson (Deputy Chairman); Mr. Leslie Burgin, M.P. (Chairman, Minister of Supply); Lord Weir (Director-General of Explosives); Lord Woolton (Director-General of Equipment and Stores); Mr. Ashley Cooper (Director-General of Finance); Lieut.-General Sir Maurice Taylor (Senior Military Adviser); Colonel J. J. Llewellin (Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply); and Mr. O. S. Cleverly (Secretary)

THE SUPPLY COUNCIL

And the much criticised

CENSOR BUREAU

THE CHIEF CENSOR HIMSELF

Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne, C.M.G., in charge of the vast Government Department which is now censoring Press activities in Britain. Admiral Usborne (among other high offices) was Director of Naval Intelligence in 1930-1932

"AN EDITORIAL CONFERENCE IN PROGRESS"

The pictures reproduced here are the first to be taken at the much-debated Ministry of Information, located in the Senate House of the University of London. In this group are seen the following (left to right): Mr. Tom Clarke, Deputy Director of the News Division; Mr. Alan Sinclair, Assistant Editor of Bulletins; Mr. Alan Bell; Mr. Cochrane; F/L. Chapman; Mr. J. H. Brebner, Assistant Director of the News Division; Mr. Charles Peake; Captain Taprell Dorling ("Taffrail," the well-known novelist); Mr. Ridsdale; and Mr. S. W. Bainbridge

KEEPING WATCH ON THE PRESS

Squadron-Leader Elsdon (on left) censoring photographs at Senate House, London University

THE recently created Ministry of Information (it came into official being only on the outbreak of war) has aroused a storm of criticism from all sections of the nation in the brief month of its existence—both on account of its Censorship activity and on account of its meagre bulletins and "statements." The position fairly stated would be (1) that what the public wants to know the Ministry will not tell it; and (2) that what the Ministry tells it the public do not want to know.

Even *The Times*, strong supporter as it is of the Government, has been roused to make the strongest criticism of the Ministry.

The most serious criticism, however, came in the House of Commons last week when it was revealed that the total staff employed at the headquarters of this newest governmental department number 872, with a further 127 in regional offices.

But of this total of 999, only 43 were actually engaged in the profession of journalism at the time of their appointment. What the qualifications of the other 956 are for inclusion in a Ministry of Information we have not yet been told!

TELLING THE PRESS ALL ABOUT IT

Mr. J. H. Brebner, Assistant Director, comes to the microphone to read a bulletin to the Press representatives gathered in the vast Press Room at Senate House

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE MOSQUITO FLEET AT SEA

The Trawlermen Who are Fighting the Menace of the Mine and Submarine in Their Tiny North Sea Craft

By NOEL THOMPSON

WE read every day of merchant ships being torpedoed. We read, too, of ships, often neutrals, being sunk through striking a German mine. Putting two and two together we are apt to exaggerate and make a big total of losses, a total which does not exist.

I have been looking at maps showing ships lost in the early months of the last war. A black dot represented each ship lost. It was an eye-opener to see the clusters, like bunches of black grapes, round certain areas on the east coast, the south coast, and later off Ireland. Looking at later maps gave the impression that the vine that bore the grapes was being badly nourished. The clusters were poor, until there came the black three months in 1917 early summer when 25,000 tons of shipping were going to the bottom *every day*. In April, 1917, the official figures show that 516,394 tons of British shipping disappeared, and if you add to that the Allied and neutral ships sunk or captured, the total for the month was 881,027 tons.

From then onwards there was a steady decline, but it had taken three years of warfare to discover methods to combat the submarine and mine menace.

Great Britain learned a lesson and one of the main points in this lesson, which has never been forgotten, was that the fishing trawlers and drifters round our coasts could be one of our greatest safeguards. In fact, they proved in the end one of the greatest factors in defeating Germany. And do not think that they were mere coastal workers. The typically named *Fisher Girl* worked with a fleet of other trawlers and drifters as far away as the Adriatic, and single-handed sank the Austrian submarine UXX by ramming and depth charges.

Who was really responsible for founding what became known as the Mosquito Fleet, with their magnificent and fearless skippers and crews of naval reservists? Probably Lord Charles Beresford. As far back as 1907 it was known that Germany was making mines. There was the horrible thought that our great Navy would be bottled up by mine fields and rendered useless. He ordered tests to be made, and it was found that the Grimsby trawler made an ideal mine-sweeper.

Two of them were purchased by the Admiralty, the *Andes* and the *Algoma*, and in 1908 tests were made with dummy mines before Captain F. C. D. Sturdee, later Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee. These proved fairly successful. The ships were good, the men magnificent, and well skilled in hauling in the trawl, but no one knew at what depth to trawl or what shaped "kite" to use. The "kite," I should explain, is rather like a builder's hod, and trails from the wire connecting the two trawlers.

Eventually there were six mine-sweepers, used as training craft, and so the Little Fleet began. I have traced the exact measurements of these pioneer mine-sweepers. They were 105 ft. in length, with a beam of 21 ft., 13 ft. draught aft and 9 ft. forward, a speed of 8½ knots and sufficient coal for about 15 days' work. That is not unlike many of the present trawlers and drifters. The crew consists of a skipper, mate, third hand, two deck hands, a steward, chief engineer, second engineer, and a trimmer.

I can imagine no situation calling for more courage than being called out at 2 a.m. on a bitterly cold winter day and told that mines are suspected in such and such an area and that a passage must be swept to allow merchantmen, or the fleet, to go through.

Plunging, pitching, and tossing into the dark, these magnificent sea boats would drag their line, or the drifters would drag a net, through the suspected spot. Backwards and forwards endlessly until it was certain that there was a passage wide enough and absolutely clear, they would plough, and then, their work done, would, unemotionally, almost laconically, report "all clear," and set out for home, with trawls out to bring in a load of fresh fish as a bonus.

One touch on one horn of those mines and the trawler would be merely a mass of wreckage floating on the sea. In fact, 675 fishing vessels were lost in the war and 434 lives. It seemed impossible to kill the fishermen. When one ship sank they would, if rescued, immediately report for duty on another sweeper.

If it was a question of a tussle with a U-boat—most of the trawlers were unarmed—they played a sort of hide and seek, manœuvring skilfully to present no sort of a target, and trying for a chance to ram the submarine. It was the *Dorothy Gray* which first achieved this feat. She rammed U.18 and sank her while the submarine was watching another vessel. For this the skipper and crew were awarded £500 by the Admiralty.

In 1915, the little *Amadavat*, with only 8 knots as the maximum speed, and a little six-pounder, chased away a submarine which was attacking a merchant ship and convoyed her safely to port.

There was no doubt that the submarines did not like these wasps. Even the old pleasure steamers, with their unwieldy paddles, did great work mine-sweeping — they drew very little water. The old *Brighton Queen* scared away a submarine in the North Sea and then watched while the *Inverlyon* sank her with her tiny three-pounder.

There were hundreds of stories like these. Men, who in 1914 were out fishing, made straight for port when war was declared, and within twenty-four hours were out on a very different type of duty after a quick re-coaling.

I talked recently with one old skipper—Jerry—as he sat by the quayside, wondering why at the age of fifty-seven he could not be doing the work he did in the last war. "Submarines," he announced, "are like fish. You get to know their habits, and you catch them sooner or later. As for mines, well, don't we risk our lives every day out fishing? We just did a job. I remember one nasty one, it was after the Gorleston raid, when we knew that the raid was a blind to drop a few more mines. It was foggy when we went out to clear the channel, and that did not help, but we did it all right," and he sucked at his pipe meditatively.

Certainly the fishermen, with their experience, seemed to know by instinct where a submarine or mines might be.

And can you imagine the task of capturing and bringing a live mine to shore? The Admiralty wanted to examine one of the German mines, which were better than ours to start with. A trawler brought one in after mooring to it like a buoy throughout one night, and successfully beached it! "Men behaved as though it was a picnic party"—and yet one touch on the horns of the mine would have released 300 lb. of explosive. They brought the mine ashore, *and its sinker*.

By the end of 1918, to give you some idea of their work, the Mosquito Fleet had accounted for 4,574 mines, every one potential death and destruction to even the largest vessel. I can find no record of the number of submarines rammed, or sunk with depth charges (which the skippers were always trying to scrounge).

Now a new generation, just as fine, is ready for work with the remark always on their lips as they think of mines, "Better let them bag a little 'un than a big 'un."

A TRAWLERMAN OF THE NORTH SEA

—One of the gallant band who are helping to sweep the seas clear of mines and submarines

IN THE TRAWLER'S "SALOON"

Whilst the skipper patiently works out his course on the communal table, two members of the crew, off duty, read their days-old newspaper before turning in. A glimpse of one of the microscopic bunks occupied by the crew may be discerned on the right

LOOKING AFTER LITTLE ONES OF KINDERGARTEN AGE AT TAPLOW COURT

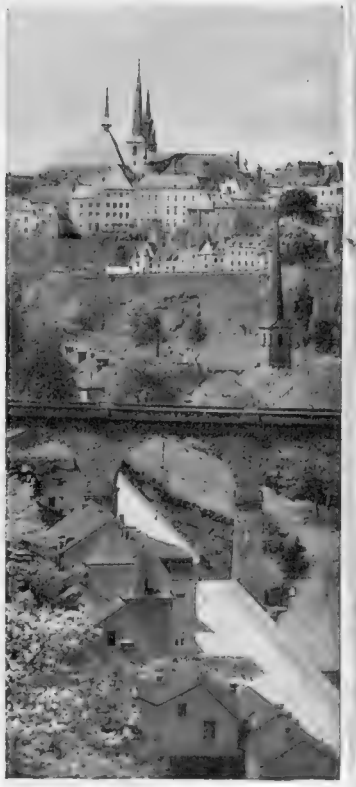
In a room hung with family portraits and valuable paintings these little tots are being given a morning meal. Baby tables and chairs replace the former furniture. *Below*—An after-lunch rest on little stretcher beds

With gas-masks on the desk, these boys carry on in a North Kent school. *On right*—Children of this North London school are returning to their lessons. They are carrying on in a bright, cheerful way and are a heartening sight to passers-by

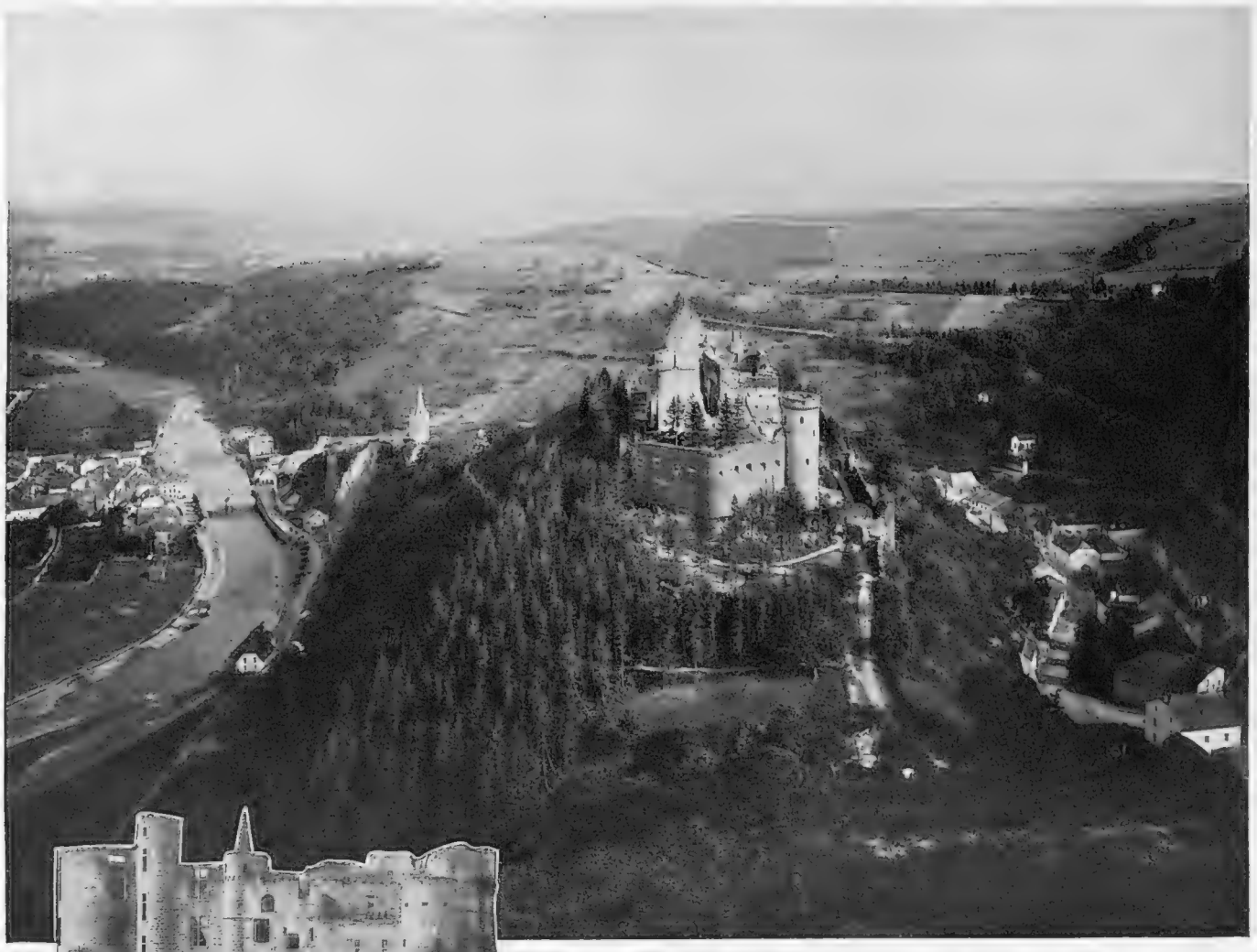
WAR KIDDIES IN KINDERGARTEN AND SCHOOL

THE DAN

The Position it in Jeopar



LUXEMBOURG OLD CITY WHICH HAS 10 MILES OF UNDERGROUND GALLERIES



VIANDEN'S CHATEAU OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE OUR, ONE OF THE FRONTIER STREAMS

The country is full of old castles and picturesque chateaux. This one is at Beaufort and dates from the sixteenth century. Below—*The Moselle, which here forms an important frontier river to the state*

The whole area of the Grand Duchy is under 1,000 sq. miles and the population numbers 280,000, of which Luxembourg, the capital, has 60,000 and Esch, the industrial centre, a further 30,000. Government is on a democratic basis with the Catholics as the largest political party. They hold more than 50 per cent. of the seats in the Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies

By GORDON GREAVES

WHICH is the next small state to fall a victim to the ruthless powers of aggression? There are many indications that it may soon be the turn of the little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg whose strategical position on the Western Front makes her peculiarly liable to invasion by any neighbouring invader who has no regard for her neutrality and who may regard his own guarantee bond as being simply a "scrap of paper."

Yet, as I found in a recent tour of this charming country, there are no people in the world who are less war-like and who only wish to be left to lead their own lives than the peaceful Luxembourgers.

Their war memorial in Luxembourg, the capital, stands witness to the losses they incurred in human lives in the last great war when the Kaiser's hordes ruthlessly marched into their country and took complete occupation of it. No country welcomed the coming of the Allies more than the people of Luxembourg, for they are thoroughly democratic and hate militarism as the devil.

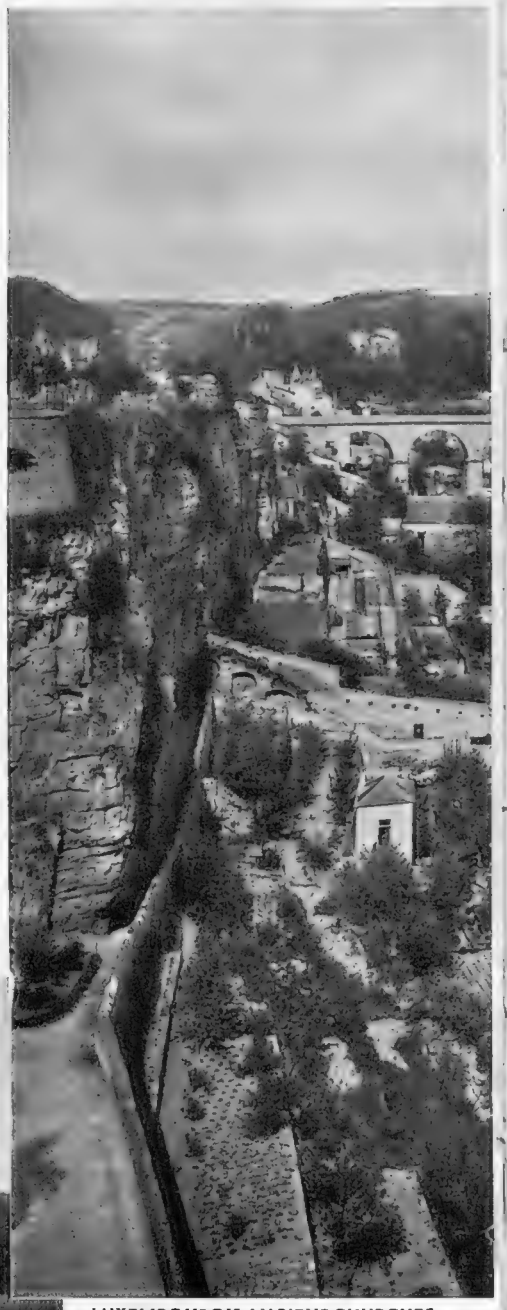
So futile would be any opposition that they could offer that they have been in the happy position of having no armaments and no army, if one excepts a tiny force of 250 men which includes 10 officers and a military band of 50. The latter provides frequent music in the parks of the city while the troops themselves in decorative uniforms give the Ruritanian touch.

Perhaps if the Germans invade Luxembourg once more, their ruler, the Grand Duchess, may repeat the gesture of the late ruler who, in August, 1914, had her carriage drawn across a street in front of her palace, in order to stop the march of the German troops through her country!

There was a time when Luxembourg was the cock-pit of Europe. Time and again wars

(*Continued on right*)

Echternach is a busy place and has recently been invaded by a host of sightseers, as the activities of the Siegfried line could be seen from this district. The Roman basilica is one of the finest in Europe. A curious dancing festival takes place here every Whit Tuesday. On right—*The mansard-roofed Chateau Meysemburg at Fels*



LUXEMBOURG'S ANCIENT CHURCHES AND GATEWAYS SEEN FROM THE SUBURB OF GRUND

GER to LUXEMBOURG

of the Grand Duchy Again Places dy, in Spite of Numerous Treaties

The fortifications which played such an important part in the city's history consist mainly of endless galleries cut in the heart of the rocky cliffs which encircle Luxembourg. They are pierced at intervals with jagged openings letting in the light, and from which to-day one gets most delightful views over the town and surrounding country

BOURSCHEID CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE SURE, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE STATE

It is a charming countryside, peaceful and quiet, with its picturesque villages, softly undulating woods and stream-embroidered meadow lands, where the little elves of the open air seem to call and entreat. I found the people extremely religious. They live in a romantic land, believing in dreams and prayer, fond also of endless tales of fairies and their folk-lore. But they are sturdy and God-fearing. They speak their own patois, but also talk French and German

(Continued from left)

were fought on her soil; her capital besieged. It was not until 1867, under the Treaty of London, that the fortifications were at last demolished and her long-deserved status of neutrality and peace guaranteed by the Great Powers.

The capital, Luxembourg, is a city of flowers. Every house has its bright display and even in front of offices and banks I saw large beds of pink roses in full bloom. It made the city seem like some huge garden. On all sides there were avenues of shady trees, deep rambler roses, and every kind of flower, beautifully tended. Even the great Radio-Luxembourg lies hidden in a picturesque park surrounded by flower-beds of pink roses which gave out a glorious perfume. The constitutional ruler of the country is the Grand Duchess, who is much loved. She lives with her family in the most democratic palace in the world. It stands in a busy part of Luxembourg surrounded by narrow streets down which trams run. A couple of sentry boxes is the only indication of its being a royal home. On right are the Three Towers of Pfaffenthal, upper portion of an ancient gateway

THE FLYING OFFICER OBLIGES ON THE STAGE

A picture taken during a performance for the troops in a hangar "somewhere near London." Miss Phyllis Robins, well-known radio star, enlists the help of an officer during her act

FAREWELL TO THE GAIETY THEATRE

Most famous of all musical comedy theatres, the Gaiety in the Strand is now closed. All its contents are being sold by auction and stage enthusiasts have had wonderful opportunities of securing souvenirs at very low prices

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS GETS INTO HIS STRIDE

For the past few weeks, Sir Seymour Hicks, Controller of the newly-formed Entertainment National Service Association (E.N.S.A.), has been rehearsing concert parties at Drury Lane before dispatching them to various points in England to entertain the troops. Here he is seen with one of the companies prior to its departure from London

REALLY NON-STOP

When Miss Judy McCrea, a show girl at the Windmill Theatre, London, is not on the stage she is an air-raid warden in Paddington. Here she is in her attractive war-time kit

The STAGE in WAR-TIME

SOME months ago Mr. J. B. Priestley, a little sore, perhaps, after the financial failure of his ambitious play, *Johnson over Jordan*, declared, in effect, that what the theatre was suffering from was the typical West End audience in which the men wore white ties. I ventured to point out at the time that a white tie did not denote a brainless life, that intelligence cannot be gauged by the clothes worn, and that it is possible to be well-dressed without being a nit-wit.

The war has at any rate caused that question to be shelved. The West End audience, as such, has temporarily ceased to be, since part of it is, for a variety of reasons, no longer in the West End, and the other part has neither the inclination nor the time to go to the theatre in the afternoon. So much for the 6 p.m. closure.

But it is as vast a mistake to rejoice over this disappearance as it is to imagine that it is permanent. One effect of war conditions has been to send most of our actors and actresses who are lucky enough to be able to obtain any work at all to the provincial towns.

Yet it must not be forgotten that London has always been the producing centre and will be again when normal conditions return. And it is important that it should be so just because of that much-abused West End audience. The West End *cachet* is valuable just because the West End audiences—taken as a whole, of course, and not individually—are drawn from more varied sources, have a not inconsiderable cosmopolitan element, and are free from local prejudices and, in not a few cases, local narrow-mindedness. While the war lasts this scheme of things must, for reasons I need not recapitulate, remain in abeyance.

We may even arrive at the not unfunny condition of affairs by which, completely reversing precedent, a play may be given a preliminary canter in London—trying it out on the Shaftesbury Avenue dog, in fact—before settling down into a permanent run in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow or Newport Pagnell. The Strand theatres (if they have not pulled them all down by then) may soon proclaim the forthcoming visit of a play "with its original Bishop's Stortford cast." But the phase will pass. So long as the living theatre survives—and it will always survive—London will be its headquarters.

Meanwhile I saw last week a "straight" play in the centre of London—my first visit since the distant pre-war days. It seems æons since I saw *Tony Draws a Horse* at its original home, the Criterion, though, in fact, it is only a very few months. The run has been resumed (matinees only, of course) at the Comedy and my genuine enjoyment of this amusing little piece was not in the least engendered by my admiration for everybody concerned in thus carrying on. It is, intrinsically, a good show, and as such I cordially recommend it.

The cast remains substantially the same, with Miss Lilian Braithwaite at the head of it. But clever Miss Diana Churchill has disappeared. Newcomers are Mr. Richard Bird and Mr. Jimmy Godden, who is most diverting as the grandfather—as admirable a representation of old age on farcical lines as I can remember.

This Comedy Theatre enterprise is, naturally, more or less on a communal basis. Another equally plucky enterprise—if anything, more plucky, since it involves a new production—of the communal type is that of Mr. Ivor Novello. His latest effort is to write a play and to put it into rehearsal at his own house in the country, with the members of the cast as his guests. The name of the play is *Second Helping*—and I trust it proves a satisfying helping for all concerned. It is due at the Golder's Green Hippodrome, with Miss Dorothy Dickson as leading lady, on October 16. Good luck to it!

Good luck, also, to Sadler's Wells, who have opened with a season of opera. Covent Garden is likely to be opera-less "for the duration," but Sadler's Wells, where the performances have been of increasing excellence of late, can be relied upon to give opera-lovers what they need.

PHILIP PAGE

FROM A.R.P. TO REHEARSALS

The first straight play to re-open (for matinees only) in the West End, *Tony Draws a Horse*, was rehearsed amid great difficulties at the Comedy Theatre. Most of the cast are also engaged in some form of National Service. Miss Kay Astor (centre) is a nurse, and dividing her time between the stage and operating theatre; Miss Janet Johnson (on left) is a firewoman; and Miss Hayley Bell (on right) is an ambulance driver

THE NEW ARMY COOKS IN TRAINING

The instructor is showing these "Wats" how to regulate the kitchen ovens in order to turn out appetising cakes and buns for the new troops

USING A BRICK FIELD OVEN AND INSPECTING ROLY-POLY

These members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service are also learning how to use field-cooking equipment. This is part of the course of instruction they are now receiving in the job of feeding the troops in training in this country. The job is not an easy one, for Tommy has been accustomed to good dishes, properly cooked. The girls have to pass through an intensive course in the right type of cookery, as these pictures at an Army School of Cooking show

COOKING for the MEN of the NEW ARMIES

IN A DANGEROUSLY RICH LAND

The Oilfields of Rumania Which May Well Tempt Covetous Eyes Towards the Mighty Danube Which Here Forms the Northern Frontier of Bessarabia

THE OIL WEALTH OF RUMANIA AT CAMPINA

In the province of Prahova, in the heart of the Rumanian oilfields, lies Campina, once a small place of some 3,000 inhabitants. Now it is alive with all the mechanism of oil-getting, refining and transmission

Above is a view of a portion of a big Rumanian oil refinery in Campina

THE FRONTIER BETWEEN RUMANIA AND RUSSIA

The scene is taken from the Bessarabian shore of the Danube with an old castle on left and flat, arable land beyond

RUMANIA has never disguised her sympathies with Poland and the Allies, though for economic reasons and geographical position neutrality has been a necessity. At the end of August, during the tense days preceding the war, she was busy supplying Germany with goods which had been purchased some time before. In the matter of oil, which the Reich wanted to acquire exclusively for herself, an annual quota had been arranged, but for special reasons, possibly commercial pressure, Germany had been permitted to obtain the whole amount, though the full quantity was not due till the end of next April. This accounts for the large number of oil barges which were seen travelling up the Danube on September 8.

The collapse of Poland has brought many problems before Rumania, who has had to deal with the great stream of refugees, including the members of the Polish Government. Hospitality has been shown in large measure, but the difficulties have been great to a neutral country, situated in a delicate position. Germany is endeavouring to bring force to bear upon the Rumanian Government to forbid permission to President Moscicki and Colonel Beck and other ministers to leave the country. A German commercial mission now in Bucharest is possibly one of the weapons used by Hitler, as Rumania is largely dependent upon trade with her powerful neighbour.

HORSES AND CATTLE WATERING ON THE BESSARABIAN SHORE OF THE DANUBE

The view is taken at Silistra, 62 miles E.S.E. of Bucharest. The river has cut through alluvial soil, leaving characteristic banks. The neighbouring town was unsuccessfully besieged by Russia in the Crimean war

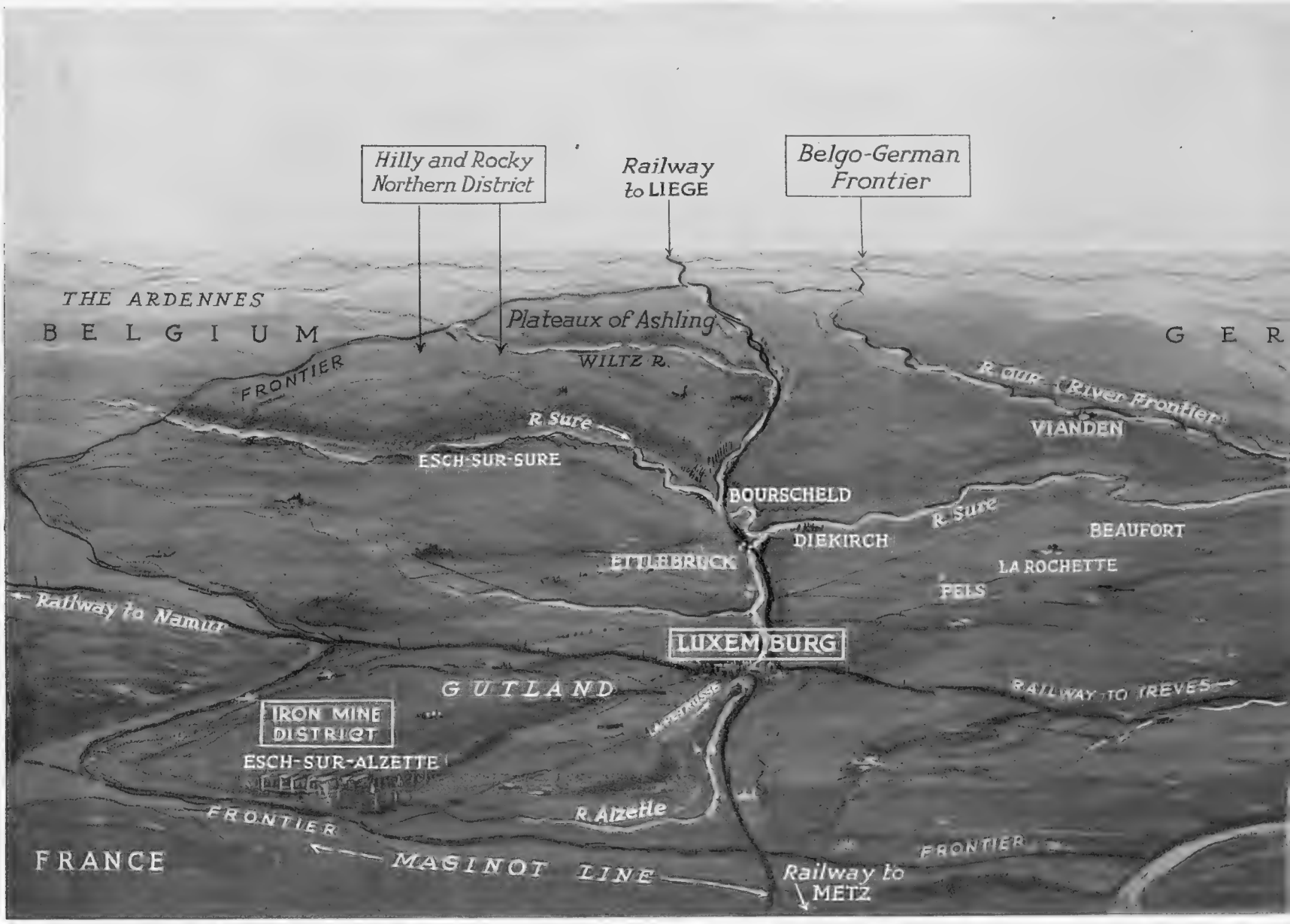
PATROLLING THE SHORES OF BRITAIN

AIR AND SURFACE CRAFT COMBINE IN WATCHING THE WATERS BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENTAL SHORES

The work of the reconnaissance machines is one which entails intense concentration while the spell of duty lasts. Here a couple of watching planes are keeping company with some slim destroyers, which from the air look small enough but are in actuality the deadly foe of the submarine

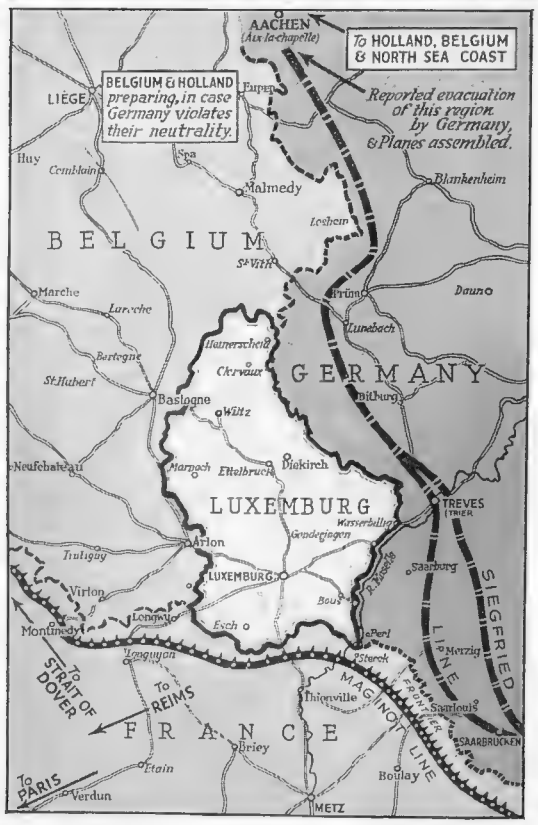
EMPIRE AIRMEN JOIN IN THE GOOD WORK OF MAKING BRITAIN "FIRST IN THE AIR"

These merry men have come from thousands of miles away to join in the Mother Country's great effort to assert supremacy in the air. They look as if they could take a good deal in their stride. The adventurous spirits of the age seem to take naturally to the air



THE DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG SEEN FROM ABOVE SIERCK IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

In the middle distance is Luxembourg city itself, with the German frontier running up to the north (on the right of view). The Moselle, the Sure, and the Our rivers form the frontier in successive stretches. To the north-east is Echternach—the popular "war" view point, and to the south west (left) is Esch, the industrial city in the centre of the mining district of the little state. All the central and northern part of Luxembourg is hilly, forming a massif before Belgium and Holland are reached, where the land falls to sea level. Northern Luxembourg is pierced by numerous streams, often running through deeply-cut gorges. Ancient castles are perched on hill-tops in dramatic fashion (see illustrations on pages 20 and 21). Activity on the Siegfried Line can be observed from the south-east of Luxembourg where the Moselle forms a natural frontier. This vantage point is no longer accessible, as the frontier with France was closed last week. At Schengen, the big railway bridge lies in the river, a mass of broken metal and concrete

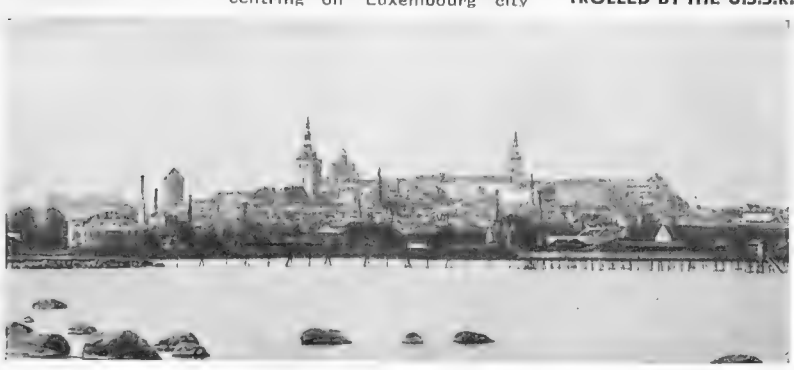


A KEY MAP OF LUXEMBOURG STATE

The position of the Maginot and Siegfried Lines are indicated, together with the five main roads centring on Luxembourg city

THE STATE OF ESTONIA NOW TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE U.S.S.R.

Estonia is the most northerly of the three little states which "declined" any guarantees before the war. She now permits Russia to establish naval bases and aerodromes and military forces to make free with parts of her territory



TALLINN

(seen on the left) is the capital of Estonia. Reval was its old and more familiar name. It lies nearly opposite Helsingfors, capital of Finland. All the small states shown in the map above are anxious lands, standing on perpetual guard with their garment of neutrality seeming but a poor armour in these disruptive days

SEIZED BY GERMANY DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE INVASION OF POLAND

The whole of this Silesian territory is very rich industrially, but it proved incapable of protection by Poland when Germany moved against her

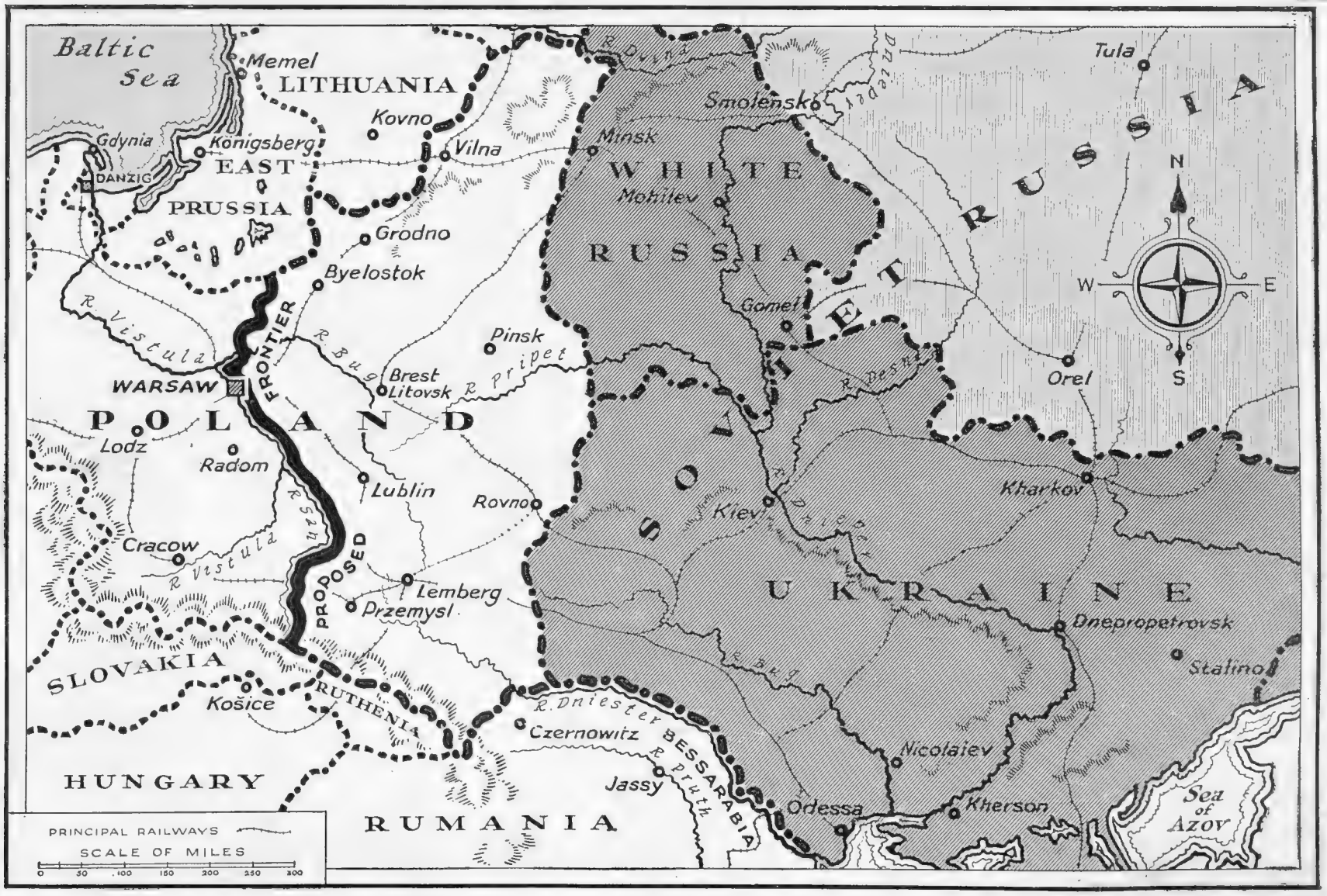
CHESSBOARD of the HITLER WAR

Kings, Queens, Knights and Pawns in the Gigantic Struggle of To-day

The map on the right shows the position of Turkey in relation to Russia and Germany. The situation of Turkey was one of the most important in last week's chess problem. It was very satisfactory to have the announcement that Turkey's agreement with France and Britain for a treaty of mutual assistance was complete. The news came as the climax of a series of developments, amounting to a substantial Allied victory on the diplomatic front. Russian influence had been exerted upon the Turkish Foreign Minister, M. Sarajoglu, who met Herr von Ribbentrop in Moscow, to avoid anything which might conflict with Russian neutrality while maintaining Russo-Turkish collaboration.

IN THE ONCE CAPITAL OF OLD LITHUANIA Wilna or Wilno is in the Russian half of partitioned Poland. It was via Wilna that Madame Pilsudska fled last week

TURKEY'S POSITION ON THE CHESSBOARD OF EASTERN EUROPE After the announcement of the Russo-German pact of last week the political and military bearings on the Turkish situation became pregnant with possibilities. Her control of the Dardanelles and of the Ægean Sea became factors of great importance

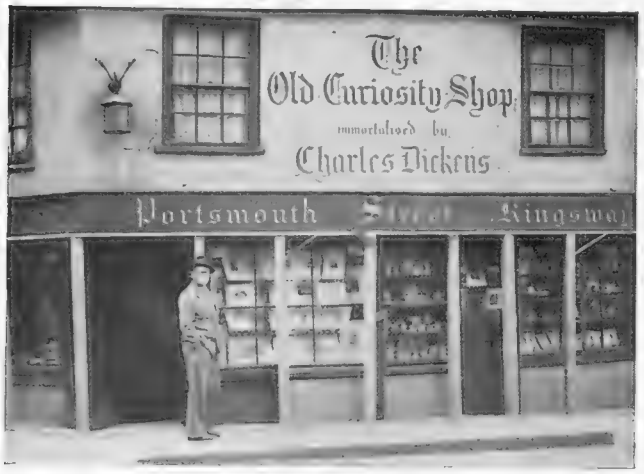


THE ALLIANCE OF TARTAR-SLAV ASIA WITH A EUROPEAN POWER TOOK PLACE SEPTEMBER 29

Last week's announcement of the alliance of Germany with Soviet Russia was a threat to the integrity of Europe, recalling former attempts of Tartar-Slav domination directed towards eastern Europe. The Ukraine and White Russian territories are shown separately, as they do not form part of the U.S.S.R. proper. They are usually classed as slightly separated S.S. Republics, as are several other areas to the south-east of Old Russia proper. There was a large Polish Ukrainian minority

THE MONTH'S "BEST SELLER"

For the past few days, the "best seller" of the publishing world has been the Government's Blue Book of documents covering German-Polish relations prior to the outbreak of war. The Stationery Office in Kingsway was besieged by huge crowds—at one time 2,000 copies were being sold in one hour—seeking to purchase this shilling publication



THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" PROPPED UP

In order to preserve this relic of Dickensian London, wooden props now support the well-known building in Portsmouth Street in case of tremors during an air raid

KERBSIDE COMMENT ON THE WAR

Joe Lee, one of London's best-known pavement artists, is very much of a philosopher too. His kerbside pitch at Hyde Park Corner is now frequently adorned with suitable comment for the moment

LIFE STILL GOES ON

An idyll of war-time London. Romance still flourishes in London's parks during the wonderful weather of the past few weeks. The only indication of war is the inevitable gas-mask in its cardboard box

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

THE PUBLISHERS CARRY ON

Here Are Some New Books To Help Out The Gloom Of "Black-Out" Evenings

MR. GRAHAM GREENE'S writing is as far removed from the merely competent as is Petticoat Lane from the Rue de la Paix. He is, without any doubt, in the thin leading rank of English novelists to-day, and he is kept there, not by his warm, Dickensian sense of character, or by his loving depiction of the West Country, but by his clear, bitter, and completely individual brilliance. It is impossible to ignore anyone who writes as well as he, even if one thinks the subject of his story macabre, or his hero lacking in the decent humanities, or the terror and suspense of his plot too much for one's peace of mind. He is a fine writer and he must be reckoned with.

Mr. Greene has called his new novel, **THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), an entertainment, and in the widest sense of the word it is that precisely. It may be that the novel form or the very formlessness of the novel depresses him, and he has attempted to give his new piece of work a more exact definition. But there is no hilarity, nor even any but the grimmest comedy about this story of a man who comes to England on a mission from his government to buy coal, which is essential to the prosecution of their civil war. He is given all the powers of negotiation but he is given no support nor even acknowledgment.

He plays a lone hand. If he wins, his government will give him their highest reward—their gratitude; if he is in any difficulty, and this being a book by Mr. Greene, he is in difficulty from page 15 onwards, they will disown him. That is the harshest of all codes and known to every spy. The confidential agent, in pre-war life a scholar and an authority on Romance languages, follows his instructions. Bad luck and malicious intention pursue him. He is arrested, escapes, is re-arrested and finds himself in the end on a small coasting steamer bound for his own country.

With him is a girl, a girl who says, "I've told you I shan't go on loving a dead man," and "You'll be dead very soon; you needn't tell me that, but now. . . ." With these tenuous promises he is content, and as the book ends it seems to the confidential agent that trust is returning to a violent and suspicious world.

The China of ten years ago, the pre-war China in which English social life and bandits and mountain expeditions played their part, is the scene of Miss Ann Bridge's **FOUR-PART SETTING** (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.). As in former books, Miss Bridge re-creates, delicately but with pictorial completeness, a landscape that is exotic without strangeness and beautiful though unfamiliar.

Her four characters, for one will loyally ignore the extra two, who would seem to have an equal importance in the story's development but would obviously disturb the balance of the title, are English people; a quietly intellectual brother and sister, their beautiful, unsettled cousin and the soldier who, in his direct and affectionate way, clarifies no problems but his own.

This is a love story in the simplest sense; each person in it loves and is loved, though often with conflicting results. It is also a story in which the ethics of love play a considerable part—a circumstance which has in this day and age an agreeable novelty. Altogether, if it had not been for the irrepressible priggishness of the lovely girl's two mentors, I should have enjoyed Miss Bridge's novel extraordinarily, and did, without any reservations, enjoy her descriptions of what must be one of the enchanting corners of the world, the country near Peiping.

Harriette Wilson set a standard for all time in her light-hearted, hard-headed and essentially bawdy memoirs. After her, though she started a literary fashion, no courtesan could quite reach the same mark of naiveté and frankness concerning the affairs of the heart. Privately, I consider that not even the most successful of her sisters could have had such a consistently triumphant career, but then her reminiscences would have been far duller if she had dwelt on her own dull moments, so perhaps she may be excused. It might even have been she who coined that soulless saying that "nothing succeeds like success."

Miss Doris Leslie's new novel **ANOTHER CYNTHIA** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) deals with a lady in the same tradition, and purports, not altogether successfully, to be her own memoirs of stage and *salon* successes. The references to "contemporary" authorities I found a little self-conscious and consequently destructive of any sustained atmosphere.

This is a pity, since atmosphere as thick and carefully authentic as a Hollywood fog is just what Miss Leslie is out to create, and there is no fault to be found with her scenes in Bath, and on the turnpike and in the riotous and frequently rioting London of the early nineteenth century. The beaux are all that can be asked of them, the gaming as lavish and the royalties as debauched. Cynthia, too, is as pretty a little baggage as one would wish to meet and with considerably too much animation for most tastes. If her story fails to convince it is simply that, though it is droll enough, and, should I not add, vastly agreeable, it is too obviously a painstaking period piece.

Karl Marx wrote, "Perseus wore a magic cap so that the monsters he hunted down might not see him. We draw the magic cap down over eyes and ears and pretend that there are no monsters." In her remarkable new novel, or allegory, or satire, since it partakes of all three, Miss Clemence Dane invents a monster, clothes him, brings him to life and leads him to the dictatorship and destruction of English life.

THE ARROGANT HISTORY OF WHITE BEN (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is an imaginative story of what might be our times, or the times of our children, and the strange figure Miss Dane evokes to guide destinies and start revolutions is a scarecrow, a grotesque, pole-legged scarecrow, who comes down off his hilltop with nothing more cogent than a hatred of black crows and of all the creatures whom he mistakes for them. His is the perfect dictator's temperament, single-minded, more than a little crazy and enormously confident.

It is not long before newspapermen and politicians attempt, in their several ways, to exploit him, taking his cry of "Burn the rookeries" as an excellent stunt, without realising the literal truth that it expresses. But White Ben eludes them; he is ruthless and unreasoning and unpredictable. The revolution that he starts sweeps on, but he returns to his hilltop and there the little girl who, for fun, had dressed the scarecrow and pencilled his face and hatted him some months before, now strips him and carelessly takes his life away from him. White Ben ceases to exist and the phantasy comes to its end.

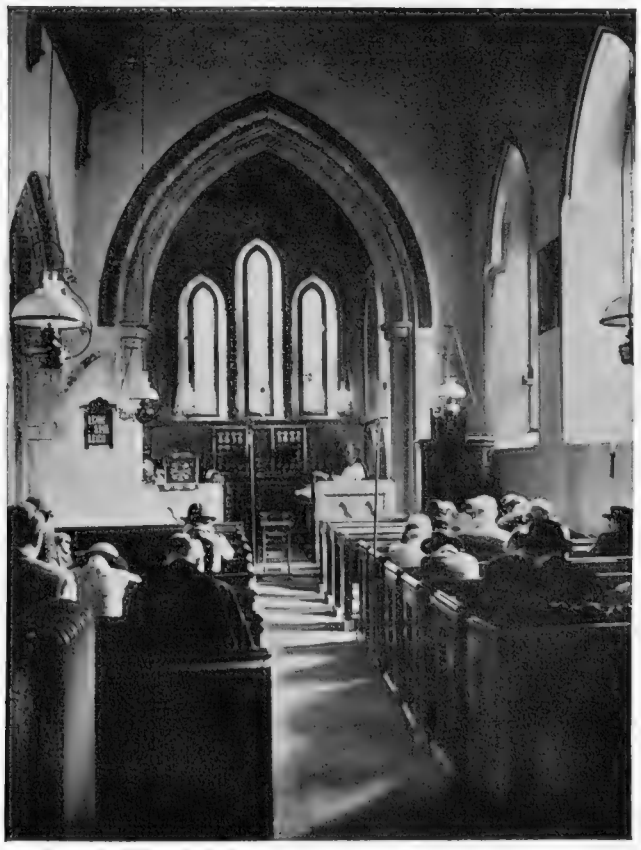
Since one of the abiding articles of English faith is that we are a people who would not tolerate dictatorship for ourselves, the intention of this book hovers between the disturbing and the faintly comic. What is not in any doubt is that Miss Dane's achievement is considerable, for, whether you agree or not with its subject, this is a fine and creative piece of work.

When an artist writes his memoirs they are apt to be more lively, fresh and generally readable than those of many men of letters, or of most people who have led a full public life. A painter has a trained eye and is used to the discipline of form. He is also, if he has any merit as a painter, insatiably observant, and the combination of these two qualities usually result, if he has the slightest feeling for words, in a book of great originality.

Dancing, as its more serious devotees will tell you, is also an art, and its exponents artists in a special sense. It is reasonable to suppose, then, that a dancer might in writing the story of his life, or her life, evolve a genuinely thoughtful or, at best, profound work. A book which I have read this week, and which started this train of thought, has certainly been written with sincerity, but I doubt whether it will add to the author's reputation for anything but extreme articulateness.

RUTH ST. DENIS: AN UNFINISHED LIFE (Harrap. 15s.) is, by the publisher's confession, an intimate autobiography, but it is at the same time something rather more and rather less than that. It is a voluble and exhaustive account of the writer's progress from a New Jersey farm to world fame as a dancer, and it is a record of a very great many of the things she thought and planned and experienced during that period. But there is missing from it that necessary detachment which enables a writer to present his life as a whole and not as a string of more or less unusual and emotional incidents.

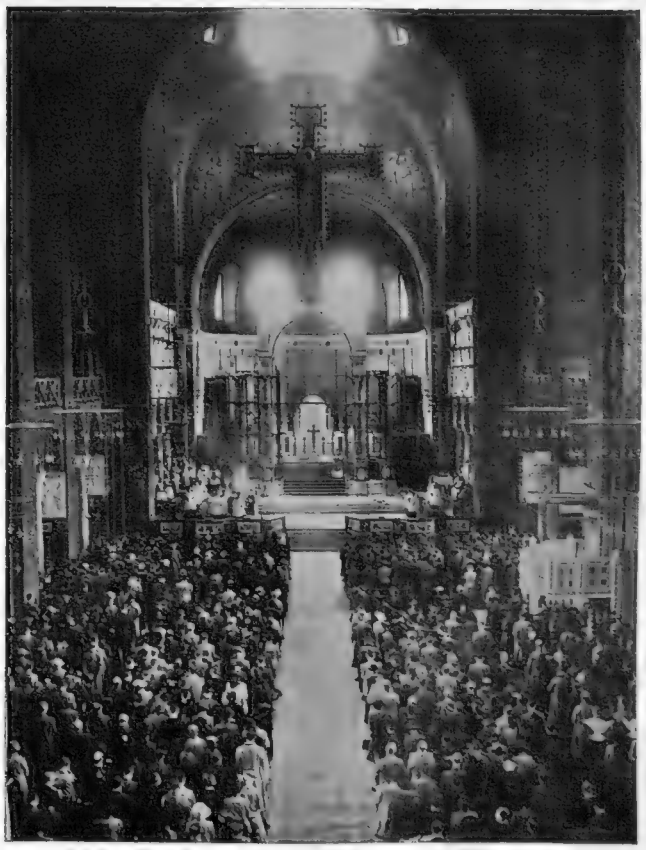
In the world of dancing Miss St. Denis has created her own tradition and has, in America at least, the prestige of an Isadora Duncan or a Maud Allan. In this country she is less well known, but has been none the less appreciated on her visits. With her husband, Mr. Ted Shawn, she founded the Denishawn School of the Dance, with its headquarters at first in California, and from there they set out with their company on vastly successful tours of Japan, China and India. At the end of this volume, which seems to demand a sequel, Miss St. Denis has come to the end of her professional association with Mr. Shawn, and is finding fresh impulses of strength from that "unpredictable force for righteousness," the Oxford Group.



Above—
The King and Queen attended the morning service at St. Paul's last Sunday when the day was dedicated as one of national prayer. They left with the Lord Mayor after the service. The Dean (Dr. W. R. Matthews) said that they appeared to be living in "a nightmare world," but the nation had the firmest conviction that it was called upon to resist the manifestation of an Evil Will. On the same day His Majesty held a Council at seven o'clock

The Day of NATIONAL PRAYER

On left—
In the country the special character of the day was everywhere observed The parish church at Wotton, near Dorking, associated with John Evelyn, the famous diarist, presented a typical scene



On right—
High Mass was held at the same time in Westminster Cathedral, prayers being offered for the victory of the allied armies

1914

Captain Stenson Cooke, secretary of the Automobile Association, at the head of his contingent of A.A. Patrols who joined the Cyclist Battalion, The Essex Regiment, *en masse*, in September, 1914

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

Sir Stenson Cooke (still secretary of the Automobile Association—but now a knight and no longer a captain) with his contingent of A.A. Patrols, now a special corps of Military Police on duty "somewhere in England"

WHAT THE BICYCLE TRADE THINKS OF THE MOTOR TRADE

With income tax and other taxes soaring, with petrol rationing and general war-time restrictions on motoring, the bicycle trade is now all geared up for a big offensive on the "New Poor"

HOW LONDON IS MANAGING

Transport observers have been checking-up on the results of the reduced bus services on the habits of Londoners. Among the things being specially noted is the possibility of inconvenience to passengers. As a result of the new watch on transport, there may, later on, be changes in London's bus services

THE MUDDLE OF THE PETROL RATIONS

A State of Affairs that Would Never have Occurred had the Administration Been Handed Over to Those who Know Something About Transport

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

AFTER the first misfire and the additional breathing space of one week we motorists are now carrying on under the petrol rationing scheme. Although the Government appeared to have worked out all the details of this scheme well beforehand there is no getting away from the fact that the people responsible for its application are in most instances completely incapable of carrying out their job. The standard rationing books were simple to obtain except that in many districts various post offices ran out of supplies for cars of 10 h.p. and under. These shortages could not be made good by the necessary date so that the scheme had to be postponed for seven days.

Somebody's blundering cost the country millions of gallons of petrol, which looks to me as if the petrol situation is not nearly so bad as the rationing would suggest. The ordinary ration books are certainly clear and precise, one book for each month and if the coupons in the first month's book are not all used in that time they cannot be added to those in the book for the second month.

HUNDREDS of thousands of people must have filled up the necessary forms and applied for a supplementary ration and, so far as I can ascertain, everyone who applied received a supplementary book. It did not seem to matter whether one's usual monthly consumption, which had to be stated on the form, was 200 gallons or 50, cars of the same horse-power all received the same additional allowance. Again, people who had relatively little excuse for obtaining a supplementary supply appear to have fared just as well as those whose car was distinctly essential for the carrying on of their businesses. These supplementary ration books are still, at the time of writing, somewhat of a mystery.

On the so-called cover the words "Available for two months" appear, yet many people think that the coupons are intended to represent the supplementary ration for one month only, but that if all are not used in that month in contradistinction to the coupons in the normal ration book they can be utilised in the second month in addition to whatever further supply is sanctioned for that later period. This leaves motorists completely in the air, and no doubt many people like myself have written to the authorities concerned for enlightenment and have received no reply.

Quite obviously there is a gigantic muddle which seems quite unnecessary, and it would never have occurred had people who know something about motor-cars and transport been given the job of administering the scheme.

Whether the supplementary ration book indicates a supply for one or two months the number of gallons sanctioned is definitely inadequate even for people who must use their cars in order to keep their business in existence. I have heard it suggested that the supply has been cut down drastically in this manner because the authorities were not certain what the average monthly consumption amounted to so far as road transport was concerned, and that when they discover the answer to their query we shall probably be allowed a more generous ration. As petrol has been taxed so much a gallon for a considerable time, one would have thought the Government were in possession of the figures which this supposition suggests they need.

MANY motorists are finding that Pool spirit is not as bad as they thought it would be. Here I would like to sound a note of warning. In many instances the big petrol lorries replenished existing garage tanks which were already half full of some brand of Ethyl petrol or No. 1 grade spirit. When this mixture is exhausted I doubt very much whether Pool spirit will remain as good as it is in some places to-day.

Whether it is good or bad it behoves us all to make the best use of what we are allowed to buy and to pray fervently that when the next ration books are issued we shall be given a more liberal allowance. A number of people have made inquiries, particularly to the R.A.C., as to whether it is permitted to mix paraffin with petrol in order to make the fuel ration go further. Such a proceeding, I am given to understand, is illegal unless a licence to do so has been granted by the Customs and Excise authorities.

The muddle in the petrol rationing department is only equalled by that which exists in connection with the black-out regulations. First of all, we had detailed instructions as to how we were to treat all the various lamps on our car. This was amended on more than one occasion and, even now at the time of writing, a new mask for head-lamps is in the course of preparation. Whether the existing head-lamp mask is used or the new one that may be out by the time these words appear in print, only the nearside head-light can be used, and the bulb in the other should be removed. No official instructions were given to guide the unfortunate owner of a car on which the side-lamps were contained inside the head-lights.

Once again the R.A.C. has stepped in and obtained a ruling from the authorities. Obviously, if the offside lamp was put out of commission the car would be running during the hours of darkness in a dangerous state as there would be no indication as to the width of the vehicle. The club has been informed that in such cases the offside head-lamp should be treated as a side-lamp. In other words, the larger head-lamp bulb should be removed and the dim-bulb retained. The glass should be blackened so that there is only a diameter of two inches left clear and this should be partially obscured by two thicknesses of newspaper or their equivalent, whilst the reflector must be rendered non-effective.

Owing to the change, particularly in the head-lamp regulation, some motorists who blackened all the reflector in their offside head-lamp now find difficulty in removing the paint on the top half which they are permitted to leave clear. The reflector of a head-lamp has a very delicate surface and any attempts to remove the paint in a dry state would definitely injure the reflecting surface.

The R.A.C. tells me that the fluid found in the ordinary pump type fire extinguisher is excellent for the purpose and as only about a tablespoonful is required the efficiency of the extinguisher will not be impaired. A substance known as Thawpit or Sherwood paint and varnish remover are also efficient, the first can be obtained from any chemist and the second at any oil shop. A clean soft rag should be soaked in any of these liquids and by rubbing the painted area gently over, the unwanted paint can be quickly removed.

I am informed that many inquiries have been forwarded to the Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., as to whether their 1940 models are still in production and available for private purchase. The manufacturers inform me that reasonably good deliveries can be given at present though it is very difficult to forecast how long these facilities will be available.

Another factory which is also able to give reasonable delivery of the latest models is that of the Sunbeam-Talbot Company in North Kensington, London.

THE Standard Motor Company inform me that they have experienced a very satisfactory increase in their export sales during their present financial year. As this period commenced on September 1, 1938, when the international situation was rapidly becoming tense, it is surprising to learn that the increase in question is no less than 41·5 per cent. An analysis of the markets largely responsible for this increase reveals some startling facts. For instance, in the Far East, where conditions have been distinctly disturbed, much larger numbers of Standard cars have been sold in Hong Kong than in any previous year.

Apparently the bright spots in Europe are Denmark and Sweden, and amongst the Dominions Australia has registered quite an amazing increase in imports. It is interesting to learn that the company has recently secured representation in the U.S.A., which is not usually considered to be a good market for British cars. These results only show that if the international situation was definitely eased for any length of time the British motor trade in general would prosper as it has never done before in overseas markets.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

THE above Society is sorely in need of new helpers, as since the outbreak of war, subscriptions and donations have fallen off, while the 1,165 poor boys and girls under its care still need providing for. Everything possible is being done to give these children the education and training hitherto provided, but it cannot be done without the wherewithal necessary to carry on. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send a gift, however small or large, to the headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

Warm Clothes for men on duty

Duty in the chill, small hours comes much closer to comfort, if you're protected in warm, snug clothes. The man on the left is wearing an Austin Reed ulster—a sturdy, good-looking coat, equally suitable for duty or travel, town or country. Double-breasted, in Scotch tweeds and cheviots, blues, greys, browns and lovats—5 to 11 guineas. The other man has a belted camel-hair, superbly soft, thick and warm—6½ guineas.

Then here are one or two more Austin Reed ideas for keeping the cold out and the spirits up.

ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR
Natural shade. Long or half-sleeved vests, 12/-. *Shorts,* 12/-. *Pants (in a choice of three lengths of leg),* 13/-.

WOOL SLIPOVERS (*without sleeves*)	8/6, 10/6, 12/6
WOOL PULLOVERS (*with sleeves*)	15/6, 21/-
WOOL CARDIGANS	19/6, 26/-
LEATHER WAISTCOATS	37/6
WOOL-LINED CAPE GLOVES	9/6
HEAVYWEIGHT WOOL SOCKS	2/6, 3/6, 4/6
TENOVA SCOTCH-KNIT SOCKS	5/6
WOOL SCARVES	6/-

just a part of the

Austin Reed Service

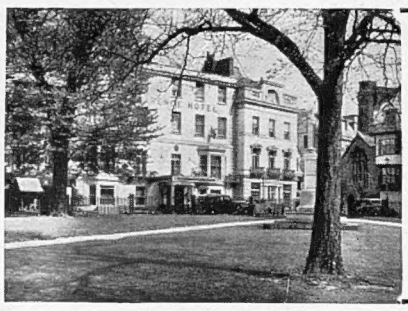
103-113 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1 · LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

PRIORY HOTEL,
EXETER ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH
A.A. R.A.C.

This Hotel—midway between Square, Pier and Pavilion—is modern, airy and spotlessly clean with good food and service, excellent beds, and every comfort to make its patrons wish to prolong their stay in this delightful Resort. Large Garage in grounds.
Tel. 1851. *'Grams: "Sunny."*

Terms from **4 gns.**

PEACE IN THE FOREST
Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Figs, apples and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.
BURLEY MANOR HOTEL
AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST
A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone Burley 70*



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close
Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

SEEING SCENERY afloat, afoot or awheel is an inevitable pleasure for those staying at Falmouth. Be you a yachtsman, motorist, or a humble rambler among the glories of the Cornish coast, you, your wife and your family will realise a Summer holiday ideal at . . .
GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH
A.A. Own Private Pier. R.A.C. Craft of all kinds for hire. Magnificent New Sun Lounge.
Write to S. Taylor for details. *Telephone : Falmouth 440-1*

LOWER POL MARK, HARLYN BAY, CORNWALL
A little bit of Heaven, away from the strife and sordid side of war. Golden Sands. Glorious Air. A modern attractive home, distinguished for its comfort and cooking.
From **3½ gns.**

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!
If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at
THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone : 2271

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL
Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.
From **4 gns.** per week.

The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .
People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this: Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards.
Details and Brochure from J. J. HERITIER,
CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL,
LYTHAM ST. ANNES
QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

Is there a war on? It's difficult in this peaceful spot to realise it. The flags of our private Golf Course flutter in the Autumn breeze. Not a sound at night except perhaps that of an owl on night patrol. A perfect spot for your loved ones to reside in during the trying days ahead.
ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL
Near PLYMPTON SOUTH DEVON
Under the personal direction of the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barrow Dowling.
TERMS FROM 3½ TO 5 GNS. TELEPHONE: PLYMPTON 221411

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL
Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)
Dorset Square, off Marylebone Rd., N.1
An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter.
UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE

THE SAFEST PLACE ON EARTH . . .
ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS
Your telegraphic address would be "Sheltered, Jersey." Your daily aspect "Sunny." Your private life "Serene." There are a number every year who "winter" at St. Brelade's Bay, economically, pleasurably, and profitably to their health. Come and swell the number this year and feel . . . at peace. Telephone 1 St. Aubin, or write to B. COLLEY, for details of accommodation still available.

In Quest of

In Praise of Torquay: Readers'

MUCH has been written in praise of Torquay, for she is a subject one can always come back to. Nature has endowed her with a charm that neither the clouds of rain nor war can destroy, and, no matter what time of year you may visit her, she is consistently attractive.

Certainly, when I visited her again some fourteen days ago, she displayed herself in her most engaging mood. I have memories of a bathe from Meadfoot Beach, with no thoughts of U-boats or air raids, and, in the evening, of another quick swim, dressing quickly, so that we could get down town and have an appetiser before black-out time.

It is to Torquay's credit that she can be memorised from so many angles. So many of her hotels have such grandstand views over Torbay. From one's window one may look out across to Berry Head or to the Thatcher Rock; or from the western side one looks across the bay on to the seven hills of Torquay herself. Then there is the memory of Babbacombe—the hotels on the cliff, some on the cliff edge, and another down by the tiny quay. Lobster pots and lapping waves. Fishermen's nets and evergreen foliage. Babbacombe is surely a neutral state when it comes to thoughts of war.

Then there are those hotels in Torquay where gardens predominate over the view. Palm trees waving in the breeze, sub-tropical foliage, great banks of hydrangeas—all signs to indicate that Torquay in winter has nature on her side, sure shelters from the north and east.

I am writing of Torquay and Babbacombe in general this week, because a little folder came into my possession the other day containing a list of the principal hotels and apartment houses in Torquay and Babbacombe. And what particularly struck me about it was the excellent way in which it summarised in potted form the types of accommodation available. The size of each establishment was given. The inclusive terms, winter and summer. And by a clever method of indexing one discovered what form of heating was available, whether there was a lift, and so on.

Copies of this can be obtained without charge from the hon. secretary of the Torquay Hotels, Caterers, and Apartment Association, Glenwood, Rowdens Road, Torquay, who at the same time can give accurate information as to what hotels have been taken over for Government or business purposes. Actually very few have. There is plenty of accommodation available from as wide a scale as 30s. a day down to 50s. a week, and whatever price you pay it represents good value in its class.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. M. W. of Gloucester.—I note that you want to be near the Pavilion at Brighton, and I think probably the hotel which will suit you best would be the Blenheim Hotel which is immediately opposite it. It has sixty bedrooms, and is only within five minutes of the sea-front. It is run by a Mrs. A. G. Penfold.

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY
The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.
WINTER TERMS from **5 gns.**

Within its Own Beautiful Grounds
THERE'S PEACE, WARMTH, AND COMFORT
at
LINCOMBE HALL
TORQUAY
Central heating and modern appointments. Many bedrooms with private bath. First-class cuisine. Inclusive terms from 4 guineas.
WRITE FOR BROCHURE

PARK HALL
TORQUAY
within sight and sound of the sea. Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes), Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Billiards and Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout. Full particulars from Miss R. Ross, Mgrss.
'Phone Torquay 3434

Peace . . . and Perfection
An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.
50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.
A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.
HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY
A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. *Telephone : Torquay 2161.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

and Further Answers to Queries

Another hotel which lies in a more sheltered place away from the traffic is the Silwood Hall Hotel, but it lies rather more towards Hove, off the front.

Another hotel which I can confidently recommend is the King's Hotel, where the terms run from 5 gns. Although it faces on to the front, it is very quiet, and to my mind it is one of the most comfortable hotels in Brighton.

There is a bus service which can transport you from the door of the hotel to the Pavilion.

G. M. L. of Kent.—I can well recommend these two places. The first is the Granby Hotel, Elms Cross, Bradford-on-Avon. This is a very delightful country house about 1 mile from Bradford-on-Avon and 10 from Bath.

It has only just been opened, and is being run by a Mrs. Crossman, on the same lines as her Granby Hotel at Harrogate. Here you will find a very high standard of English cooking, and the place itself very charming.

The alternative suggestion is the Rossley Manor Country Club at Andoversford, near Cheltenham. This is run by a Mr. Coxwell-Rogers on very first-class lines and attracts a very good class of people.

P. L. M. of Lichfield.—Your query was not such a difficult one as you thought. There are quite a number of hotels who take a real personal interest in nursing people back from convalescence to full health.

One such place is the Priory Hotel at Bournemouth, run by two sisters, one of whom is a trained hospital nurse. It lies in a very convenient position for the shops, gardens and sea, so that there will be no difficulty about your friend taking exercise with little or no hills to negotiate. There is also a pleasant garden in which she can sit out on the bright, almost summer days one finds in Bournemouth.

An alternative suggestion which has occurred to me is the Howden Court Hotel, at Torquay, run by the Misses Kay. Here, again, there are little or no hills to negotiate, and there is a very pleasant garden, and sun-lounge, and an altogether homely and happy environment.

L. A. M. of Streatham.—The hotel you particularly had in mind, which I have referred to before, is the Lincombe Hall Hotel at Torquay, but you have an erroneous idea about the inclusive terms there. They are as little as 4 guineas a week for winter residence, and very good rooms they are at that, because I have sampled them myself on more than one occasion. Of course, the more you pay the better accommodation you get, but the same amenities are available for all and they are certainly very inclusive at Lincombe Hall Hotel. You should write to them for a brochure.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley.—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Harlyn Bay.—Lower Pol Mark.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.1.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

For Autumn, Winter, or the "Duration," come to Peaceful, Picturesque and Palm-clad

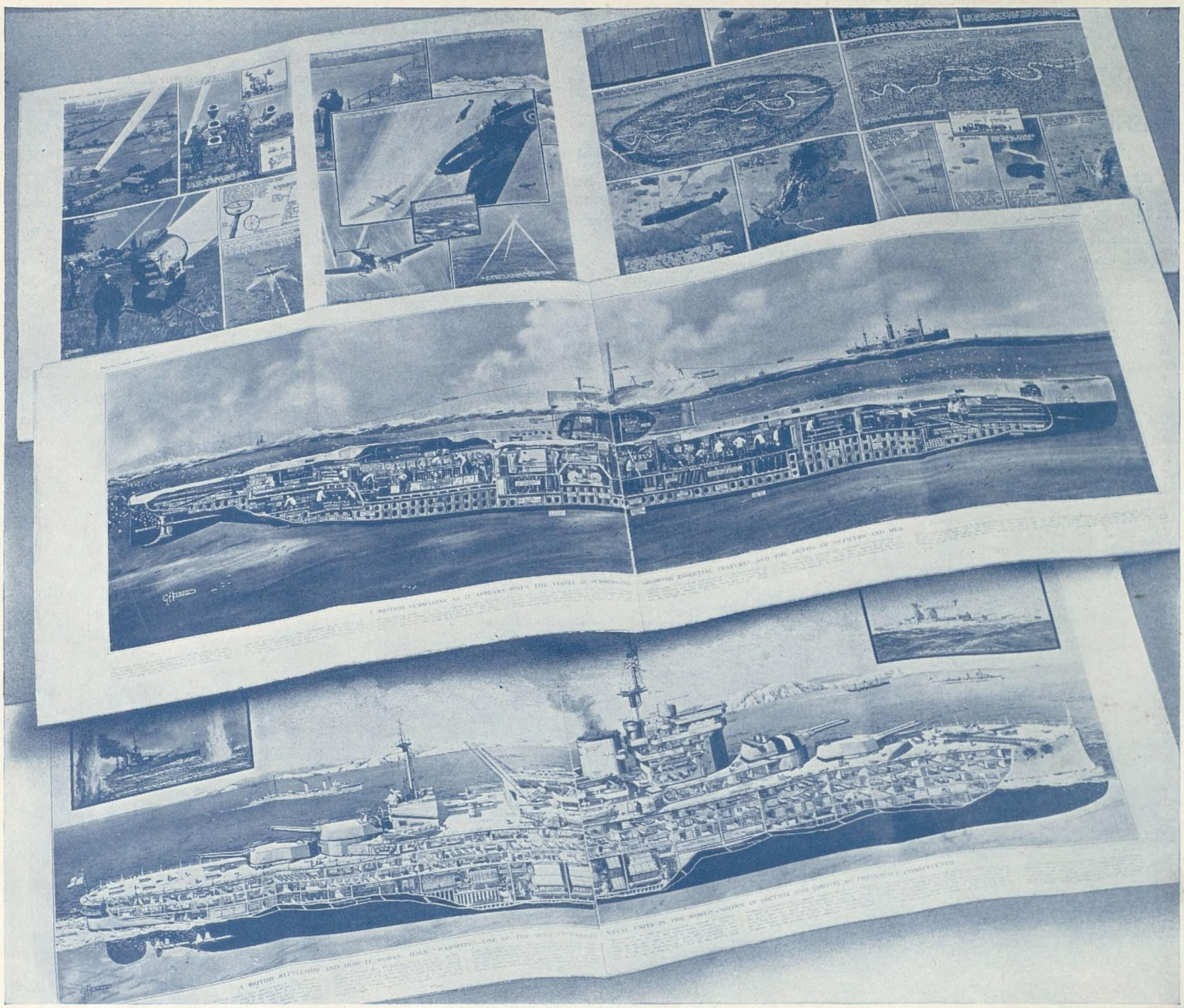
TORQUAY

There is still plenty of excellent accommodation available to suit all purposes, both in Torquay and Babbacombe.

O

Write for detailed list of hotels and apartments to the Hon. Secretary,

THE TORQUAY HOTELS, CATERERS, & APARTMENT ASSOCIATION,
Glenwood, Rowdens Road, Torquay. *Tel. Torquay 3028*



THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier—and many authoritative drawings of home defence organisation. You are sure to find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or girl at home or overseas.

BOUND IN A "LEATHER FINISH" COVER (20½" × 14½") PRICE 3/6 (By Post: Inland 4/3: Foreign and Eire 4/6)

Obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son's branches, and principal Booksellers, or direct from The Publisher:—

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32-34, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C. 4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,